

PLOTTED TO KILL A HUSBAND

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

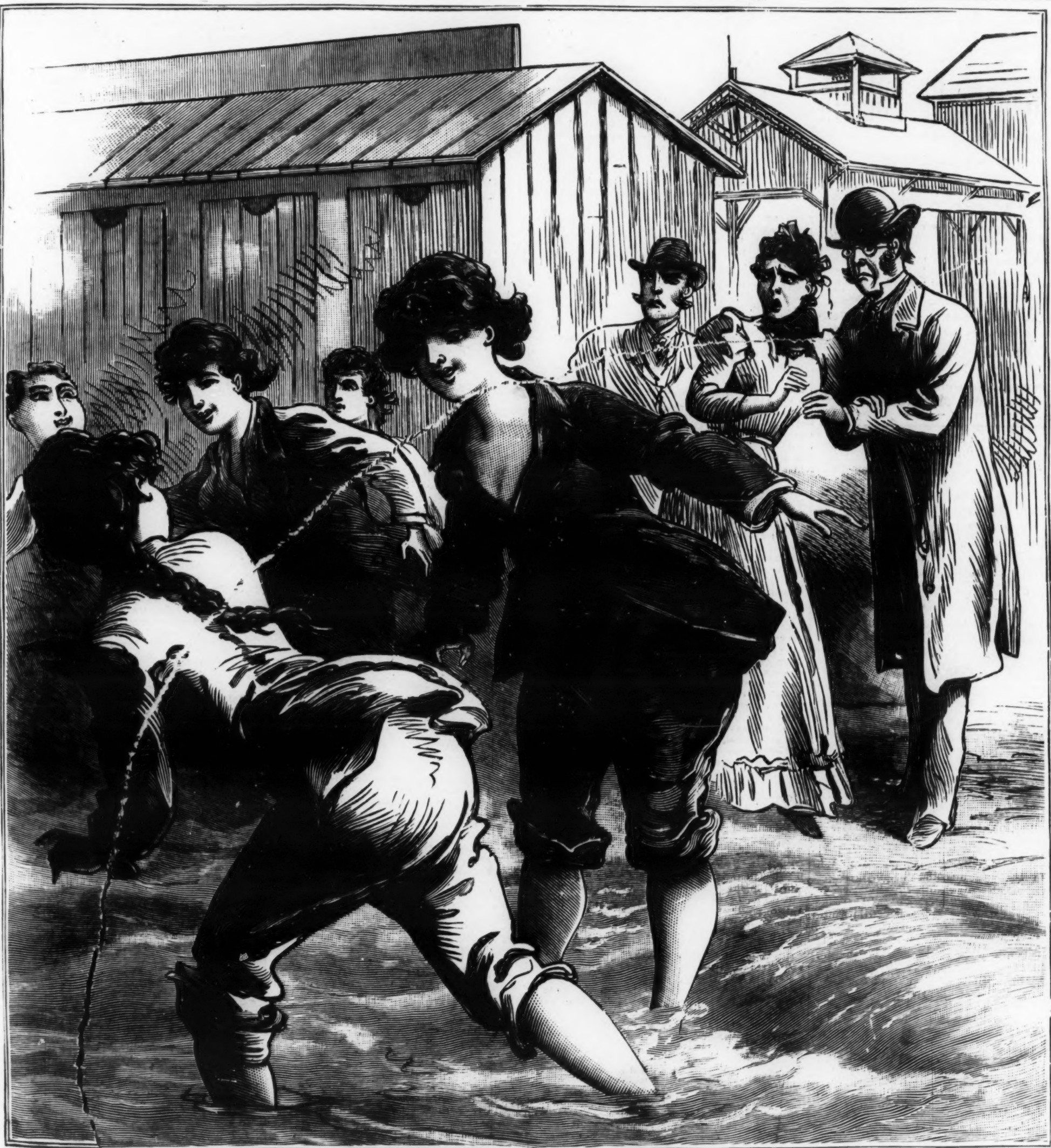
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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CHICAGO GIRLS ON A LARK.

IN THE ABSENCE OF CONVENTIONAL BATHING COSTUMES THEY WEAR THEIR BROTHER'S CLOTHES.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A startling story of contemplated murder is revealed in an action brought for divorce in Chicago, and if the allegations contained in the papers filed in the Supreme Court are true, criminal action should be instituted in addition to the suit for separation. It appears from the sworn statement of Mrs. Bella H. Hassett that her husband conspired with a Mrs. Nellie Stone to poison the aged husband of the latter woman. After this had been accomplished the man proposed to secure a divorce from his wife and marry the woman he had aided in making a widow. Fortunately the alleged plot was discovered in time to prevent its consummation. Hassett, while under the influence of liquor abused his wife and boasted of his intrigues with other women. In an unguarded moment he declared that his trunk contained letters from his paramour. Woman like, Mrs. Hassett searched the trunk during her husband's absence and found a number of loving letters written by Mrs. Stone to Hassett. They revealed the plot to poison Mr. Stone. Mrs. Hassett promptly put the letters in the hands of an attorney and instituted proceedings for divorce. These letters, if genuine, are sufficient to convict the man and woman.

Mrs. Stone, in writing to her lover, describes the manner in which it was proposed to poison her husband, and exhibits some little sentiment when she says: "It would be a deliberate act of mine, and, oh, how heartless it would seem! But a woman will do anything for love!"

It is hard to believe that a woman could deliberately murder the man she had sworn to love even for the love of another man.

Even though cold blooded it would appear that Mrs. Stone had some regard for respectability, for she writes:

"Now, if we succeed, we will have to be very careful. He has a son who would have to be sent for, and he and I could settle everything better alone. You see I would have to keep my place as a widow a proper length of time in order to be anybody in the future, and I am sure you would want your wife to be somebody of good standing. Now think of all this; you know you have to have a divorce, and I could, by living careful, see you often and still be well thought of."

Fortunately the woman is not yet a widow. Old Mr. Stone has by this time realized his narrow escape, and he will probably make things lively for his wife and her paramour.

MASKS AND FACES.

Koster & Bial's New and
Magnificent Theatre.

AMY BUSBY'S DIVORCE SUIT

How a Gentleman Was Con-
vinced of Miss Mora's Sex.

A TICKET SPECULATOR'S POWER



FANCY that the experiment which began in West Thirty-fourth street this week will enable observant New Yorkers to judge for themselves just how far this big town has become cosmopolitan.

Messrs. Koster & Bial, who about twenty-five years ago were bottlers of lager beer, and who through various stages came to be proprietors of a concert garden in West Twenty-third street, that in recent years has been transformed into a sort of combination of the cheaper kind of London music hall and the cheaper kind of Paris *cafe chantant*, while retaining always a strong likeness to the typical German beer garden, are the persons who are interested above all others in the result of this new scheme.

Oscar Hammerstein, who will be their more or less silent, but not inconspicuous partner, stands where he did. His big Manhattan Opera House having failed to pay as a theatre, he has not much to lose if it fails as a music hall, and much to gain if the new scheme succeeds.

Messrs. Koster & Bial have shown their faith in the experiment by spending money lavishly for alterations and new decorations. The new music hall is very unlike the old Koster & Bial's. It is a spacious, magnificent and perfectly-appointed theatre, in which high prices are charged and elaborate stage performances given. Its likeness to the Empire in London and the Olympia in Paris is obvious, but New York is not yet Paris or London.

Old Koster & Bial's, and its rival, the Imperial, have depended on a certain class for support—a large class, of course, in a metropolis like this, but not large enough for so great an enterprise as the new Koster & Bial's to depend upon wholly. It is a theory of New York managers that the women form their chief support. Plays are written for the women, actors act for them, and the women must go to the new Koster & Bial's and like it, if that enterprise is to succeed.

The American "variety show" seems to have been a gradual development from four different sources—namely, the old "free-and-easy" and cellar "concert halls" which grown up New York would not tolerate, but which every middle-aged citizen can remember as glowing spots on dark Broadway, the now extinct stage of negro minstrelsy, the remnant of French Opera bouffe that was transplanted here in 1867, and the occasional importation from the London music halls.

Late in the sixties the variety show thrived here as it has never thrived since. Its unhealthy boom culminated in the establishment of the big theatre of varieties on the site of Tammany Hall, which failed. Variety performers, following in the wake of J. K. Emmet, then began to invade the dramatic stage with "specialty plays," and the pendulum of variety swung backward.

Lately there has been a revival of variety, and a growth of interest in it on the part of the people supposed to have a taste for higher things was first manifested in the prodigious success of Carmencita at the old Koster & Bial's. That place and Tony Pastor's sensibly-conducted and always respectable little theatre of varieties began to be invaded by society.

This led to the attempt to reproduce here the glories of the Empire and the Alhambra of modern Babylon, in which variety, coupled with *ballet d'action*, adorned with lace and silks and jewels, has reached its perfect flower. Rudolph Aronson made the attempt at the Casino, without sufficiently counting the cost beforehand.

On the other hand, Messrs. Koster & Bial have had many years of valuable experience. The eyes of the multitude are upon them, for they are about to settle the much vexed question of whether or not New York is really cosmopolitan.

THE BRIGHT, HANDSOME WOMEN OF THE Stage. We have elegant colored photographs of them all in lights or in costume, price, 10c. each—over 2,000 names in the list—Send 2c. stamp for catalogue. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, N. Y.

I was very much surprised recently to see Maude Branscombe tripping down Broadway. It can be safely said that she has been the subject of more photographs and fancy pictures than any other woman on the stage, not excepting Lillian Russell. Miss Branscombe's last appearance in New York was as a member of Ted Marks' International Vaudeville Company, and her alleged skirt dance and poses were far from successful. Since then everybody had been wondering what had become of her. She looks as exceedingly English as ever.

Marie Jansen has returned to town, and is busy rehearsing in her new piece, "Delmonico's at Six."

Laura Burt is very indignant over the story that a well-dressed young woman threw a glass of wine in her face while supping at Burns' restaurant. Her denial is very strong and picturesque, but when she asserts that she has only been in Burns' twice in her life—well, I suppose that's another story.

It has come at last. Pretty little Amy Busby is suing her husband, Aubrey Boucicault, for divorce, and Victory Bateman is named as co-respondent. Perhaps it would be a good scheme to get Jennie Joyce's views on the case.

There are wheels within wheels, and there are many things in the theatrical life in New York which would surprise men who think that they are thoroughly well acquainted with the inner workings of the theatres. It is reasonably well known that one of the theatrical managers of this city is a bookmaker, and that a firm of gamblers runs two of the reigning attractions on Broadway.

What is not generally known, however, is the power possessed by a man whose name never figures on the programme, who has nothing to do with the ar-

The report that May Yobe is married to Lord Hops is not credited in New York.

Della Fox has finally made up her mind to star next season. Her contract with De Wolf Hopper expires on next May, and early in August she will be launched in a musical comedy which she has just purchased in London. It is whispered that John A. Rogers is to be her manager.

Between the acts at the Garden Theatre the other night, I asked Lole Fuller how she happened to discover the serpentine dance.

"It was the result of an accident," she replied. "A friend of mine had sent me from Calcutta, a Nautch girl's dress and I put it on. I began to pose before a large mirror and to dance about, holding the edge of the voluminous skirt in my hands. The strong sunlight shining through a stained glass window fell upon me, and the air caught the silk and floated it about me, in graceful and fantastic forms."

"I felt like another Stanley!"

"I had discovered a dance!"

"It took me many weeks to educate my arms, limbs and body to the dance. The graceful manipulation of the soft drapery is an extremely difficult and tiresome matter. It was dreadful at first, but I persevered, and can do six dances in a performance now with comparative ease, although I feel the exertion when I have finished and the enthusiasm of the dance has deserted me. The effects of light and the geometric figures cast upon me are a recent addition to the dance, and there are almost limitless possibilities of this feature."

La Lole goes back to Paris in a few weeks.

"I like New York," she says, naively, "but Paris has been kinder to me."

Have you heard the latest story about Helen Mora, the female baritone? It is ingenious, and ingeniously is almost a virtue.

Miss Mora is to play "principal youth" in a comedy called "Comrades." A sceptical gentleman was invited to one of the rehearsals the other day. He happened to arrive just as Miss Mora was wearing her manly evening dress, which she had tried on. She sang one of her songs in her deep, masculine tones.

"That a woman!" cried the sceptical gentleman.

"Oh, no, you can't make me believe that."

Then Miss Mora took a piece of chewing-gum from her mouth, took out her powder puff, and sat down, trying to settle the skirts she didn't have on. Still the sceptic was not convinced.

"That's all bluff, just for advertisement."

The manager lost his temper and shouted disgustedly:

"Oh, rats!"

Miss Mora heard it, gave a yell, jumped on a chair and screamed:

"Where? where?"

"I give in," said the sceptical gentleman. "That's a woman."

A JEALOUS LOVER'S CRIME.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Frank Howlock, 37, a barber of New York, shot and probably fatally wounded his sweetheart, May Yakaski, 23, recently in a tenement house No. 59 South Second street, Williamsburg. He then put a bullet into his own brain, killing himself instantly. The girl, who was a domestic, had been out of employment for some time. On Saturday, with two companions, she went to the rooms of Valentine Readisher, Frank Schmidt and Joseph Pastuk, Polish laborers. They live at Kent ave. and South Fourth street, in a house occupied by seventy-five families. Readisher

had gone out for beer, leaving the girl alone in one of the rooms, when Howlock entered. Seeing the girl, who was partly dressed, he drew a revolver and shot her twice, both bullets taking effect.

He then turned the weapon on himself, fired and dropped dead on the floor. The girl was taken to St. Catherine's Hospital, where her wounds were pronounced critical. Howlock, it is said, was engaged to the girl. He was well educated and was a linguist.

A PRETTY GIRL ON A LARK.

During the lantern parade in Cincinnati the other night one of the cyclists attracted particular attention as the wheels passed along the streets. He was attired in a close-fitting suit of light material and filled it just as if he had been melted and poured in. On his head was a navy blue yachting cap, jauntily pushed back, while wavy locks seemed to struggle for release. He was a handsome lad, and nearly everybody commented on his physical development. His companion was close at his side, and when they spoke to each other it was in whispers. Neither had anything to say to the other wheelmen in line, but the handsome rider appeared to enjoy the sensation he created in the race.

A prominent merchant, who does business in the bottoms and lives in Covington, has a very beautiful daughter.

She is fond of athletics and is an expert cyclist. It is not strange that she should have a sweetheart, and that he should also be a wheelman. She had a longing to turn out in the parade with the wheelmen, and she confided the desire to her sweetheart. It would be a jolly lark, and really he could not resist her persuasions. By the aid of a girl friend she got away from home quickly after supper. The sweetheart had taken a suit of clothes to this friend's house, and had a man's bicycle in waiting. As soon as it became dusk the girl donned the suit and with some trepidation mounted the wheel. In a few minutes she had good command of the machine. As the Newport and Covington part of the procession came by Tenth street the girl and her wheel glided out of that thoroughfare and joined the line just as her lover passed. He had two lanterns and banded one over to her. She rode the entire line of march and no one suspected her identity. By 9:30 o'clock she was back home and none of her family was any the wiser. The adventurous girl was the lad who attracted so much attention.

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THE STAR OF THE BALLET.

PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

Left Hubby and Sought Death In a Bagno.

BAD BOYS, FAIR BATHERS.

Chicago Man Deserts His Wife For a Pretty Typewriter.

HAS ELOPED FIVE TIMES.

A beautiful woman, about twenty years old, attempted suicide in the bagno kept by Madame Emma Bennett, on McGowan street, Lexington, Ky. She said she was the wife of J. C. Zanone, a guest of the Hotel Bristol, Cincinnati, O. Mrs. Zanone is a dashing brunette, and dresses very handsomely. A few days before her attempt upon her life Mrs. Zanone appeared at Madame Breezing's house and engaged board. She had a roll of about \$500 with her, and led her companions a gay life for several days, frequently spending as much as one hundred dollars in a single evening for wine. A few days later she left Mrs. Breezing's and went to the Bennett bagno, where she was given the best room in the house. That evening the woman said she was tired of the life she was living and wanted to return to her husband, who she said lived in Cincinnati at the Bristol hotel. She went to the telegraph office and sent the following telegram to J. C. Zanone, Hotel Bristol, Cincinnati:

"If you want me come to-night. Answer quick; perhaps can tell you what to do."
MRS. ZANONE.

No answer came to the telegram and all day Sunday Mrs. Zanone seemed very much depressed, and several times expressed her intention of taking her life. After awaiting an answer to the message until late Sunday evening Mrs. Zanone got up from the parlor, where she was seated with a number of cyprians, and went to her room. She seized a pearl-handled dagger and struck at her heart with a force born of desperation. The keen blade struck the steel in her corset, and, glancing, barely escaped penetrating the heart, and sank into her flesh about two inches. The sight of blood caused the woman to lose courage, and she made no further attempt to kill herself. The wound is not in itself fatal, but the would-be suicide was completely prostrated. Mrs. Zanone was seen by a POLICE GAZETTE representative. She said that she was the wife of J. C. Zanone, of Hotel Bristol, and had been married several years ago. She fell out with Mr. Zanone last Sunday, and in a sudden whirl of passion left him.

She did not know what had caused her to enter into a life of shame, but she was sorry for what she had done and wanted to return to her husband. She said that she had telegraphed Mr. Zanone to come and take her home at once, but as he had not even answered her message she determined to take her life. Mrs. Zanone said she had never before been angry with her "hubby," but he said something to her on Sunday last that no "true lady could digest," consequently she left him. Mrs. Zanone has quite a history. She hails from Mukando, Ill., and her maiden name was Allie Harris. When 17 years of age she was seduced by Albert Holmer, of Dongola, Ill., she says, and taken to Cincinnati. There she met Mr. Zanone, and it proved to be a case of love at first sight, for Zanone, she says, immediately married her, and they went to live at the Hotel Bristol, where they have resided ever since.

Mrs. Zanone has a four-inch scar on the calf of her left leg, which, she says, was caused by a cut she received in a fight with a woman who sought to alienate her husband's affections from her.

Three very naughty Leetonia, O., boys placed several pretty young ladies of that town in a sad predicament the other day. The day was warm and the young ladies in question decided to take a bath in a neighboring stream. The boys learned of this and followed them. The water was cool and inviting, and the young ladies, believing the place secluded, stripped and plunged in. They did not consider bathing suits necessary. While they were in the midst of their enjoyment the three naughty boys appeared on the bank and commenced whistling. The frightened ladies sought to get out of the water and begged the boys to go away. The boys, however, were out for fun, and kept themselves on the bank. They kept the girls looking around in the water for at least an hour. After wearying of watching, the boys got it into their heads that there would be still more fun if they could steal the girls' clothes. They hedged around where the girls had their clothes hid among some bushes, and before the maidens were aware of what was being done the boys had started to run away with

the apparel. This had rather an electrical effect upon the girls, for they lost their heads and, getting out of the water, they pursued the mischievous boys for quite a distance, the girls wearing nothing but nature's garb. The girls succeeded in getting home without being seen by any of the town people, and threaten to have their persecutors arrested.

Charles A. Metcalf, of Malden, Mass., has a mania for eloping. He has just scored his fifth elopement by running away with pretty Miss Emma Rhein. Metcalf is thirty-eight years old. His first elopement was in 1880, with a Lowell girl, fifteen years old, whom he married, and by whom he had two children. Just before the birth of his second child he found an "affinity" in Providence, and with her ran away to California. Later he came back to his wife and was forgiven.

The family moved to Brockton, where Metcalf met another woman, whose attractions overpowered him, and together they skipped. The result was the same. He came back, went to Nashua, N. H., ran away with another girl, returned, and again his patient wife put trust in his promises to reform. Newburyport was his next hunting grounds, and he "brought down his game." This time he skipped on a voyage to China, leaving his wife destitute.

She had been many times obliged to work in the mill to obtain bread for herself and children. About three years ago the prodigal returned, and the usual reconciliation took place. The couple went to Malden. Here Metcalf kept pretty straight, until he ran away with Miss Rhein, whose father says she has known Metcalf for less than six weeks. Mrs. Metcalf says she will now sue for a divorce.

William O. Scott, a married man, who had a suite of offices in the Watson building in La Salle street, Chicago, has disappeared with his pretty typewriter. His absence is mourned by scores of victims and six officials who have in their possession six warrants which they desire to serve.

It was the latter that caused Mr. Scott to cease his

heartlessly told the story of its former owner, and then she, too, disappeared. It was none too soon. Since that time Scott's office has been besieged by victims, detectives and constables. Warrants are in the hands of officers for his arrest and when found,



TRIED TO END HER LIFE.

no matter where, he will be brought back and placed on trial for his crimes.

Scott's scheme was a good one. He would loan money on notes, taking goods as security. He would make a duplicate of this note and in some instances a triplicate which he would proceed to sell. In this manner he robbed old man Schrieber of \$300. F. A. Cummings, with offices in the Inter Ocean building,



STOLE THE GIRLS' CLOTHES.

"general loan and investment" business, and start on a tour for his health. But the mere crime of swindling is not the only charge placed to the account of William O. Scott. A ruined wife, a destitute child, a deserted home, and a distracted father and mother add the darkest blot on the life of this man.

Scott's scheme was an original one and would have continued indefinitely had he not fallen a victim to the charms of a pretty woman.

May Schrieber was employed in the office as a typewriter. She was blessed with more charms than usually fall to the lot of one woman, and her employer was very much impressed with her attractions. He had a wife living but evidently was willing to have another and made violent love to May at her parents' home at 223 Francis street. Every night saw Scott in the company of his fair typewriter. His horse and carriage were housed at the Schrieber residence and at the disposal of the parents of the girl. Things went on in this manner for some time. May was used successfully to put off importunate creditors, and was happy in the belief that she would soon be the wife of Scott. This dream was rudely interrupted about a week ago when the legal wife of Mr. Scott appeared in the office.

May, Scott and his wife were the only ones present and the interview was noisy. Scott swore at his wife and denounced her as an adventuress. The poor woman left the place in tears and proceeded to her stopping place, where she was taken ill. At that time she was living at Sheldon and Lake streets. Tuesday morning Scott came home. The landlady asked him for the rent for his wife's lodgings and he told her she would be paid in the afternoon. He took all of his wife's jewelry, even to her wedding ring, and disposed of it. At noon he left for the northwest. That night May Schrieber produced Mrs. Scott's wedding ring.

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holds notes to the amount of \$250, forged on Charles H. Spahr, and others forged on Emily G. Roberts. Photographer Jaeger, of 302 South Halsted street could tell a tale of woe that would convince, while J. N. Radle, of 343 Wabash avenue, holds \$135 worth of forged notes. A woman named Mrs. Henderson secured a bill of sale on the office fixtures only to find that they were mortgaged for all they were worth to a man named Baldwin.

SHOCKED THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Mrs. J. H. Russell, a woman from Baltimore, Md., stopping at a prominent hotel on Atlantic avenue, Atlantic City, raised a great disturbance at the aforesaid hotel the other morning, about 2 o'clock.

It appears that Mrs. Russell, who is thirty, plump and pretty, went out with a gentleman guest about thirty years her senior, and imbibed a trifle more than was good for her. She became correspondingly hilarious, and induced the old gentleman to enter her room. Before he could interpose an objection she



MADE LOVE TO HIS TYPEWRITER.

locked the door, and began disrobing before him. The old chap became frightened, or anticipated future trouble from the woman's husband, and made a desperate but futile attempt to escape.

So much noise was made that the proprietor of the hotel called the police. Mrs. Russell was compelled to dress and Officer Cusack arrested her. She objected

to riding in the patrol wagon and walked quietly with the officer to the City Hall. Though still wearing several thousand dollars' worth of diamonds and a very stylish costume, she was placed in a cell, and after spending several hours in turnkey Shaw's charge was arraigned before Recorder Leedom and fined.

HER HUSBAND A WHITECAP.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Mrs. Emaline Dalton was recently taken from her bed and whipped in the most brutal fashion by a band of so-called White Caps at Salem, Ind. Since then Sheriff Underwood and Marshal Elliott have arrested Elijah Dalton, her husband; James Dalton, her brother, John Peyton, Edward Polling and Arthur Barnett, who are charged with the whipping.

It now appears that the only offense charged against the unfortunate woman was the fact that she had recently sold a piece of property, inherited by the death of her father, and, further, that she had failed upon the demand of her husband to hand over the proceeds of the sale to him. Mrs. Dalton has been conveyed to Salem, and is now confined to her bed at the Overman House, still suffering intensely from the effects of forty stripes about her body and limbs, many of which cut deep into the flesh. All of the parties arrested have been fully identified by her. A preliminary trial will take place before Judge Berkey, when all the facts connected with the brutal affair will be fully brought out.

WILLIAM WEITZEL.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

William Weitzel, of Baltimore, Md., whose portrait appears in this issue, is the President of the East Baltimore Athletic Club. He is well-known in athletic circles and is a great sport promoter in the Monumental City. He has a legion of friends.

A POLICEMAN HER LOVER.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Chicago police circles have been in a ferment for the last few days over a scandal that cropped out before the trial board and which will inevitably result in the dismissal of Sergeant Al Taylor, of the Thirtieth precinct.

Norman W. Tupper is a wealthy contractor, with a sumptuous home at 1137 Jackson Boulevard. His wife and two little girls had everything they desired, but the mother's infatuation with Sergeant Taylor was the family skeleton. One day recently Mr. Tupper left the house, ostensibly for the day, but returned an hour later and going suddenly into the parlor found his wife on the lap of Taylor, her arms entwining his neck, and just about to kiss his official lips. Tupper made a wild dash for the policeman, who hastily pushed Mrs. Tupper aside and reached for his revolver. The wronged husband hesitated a moment and the sergeant made his escape.

Inspector Lyman Lewis upon investigating this case ordered Lieutenant Stanton to suspend Taylor. At the hearing before the trial board Contractor Tupper's two daughters testified that whenever the husband left the

house Mrs. Tupper hung a signal on the rear porch and Taylor made a visit. Frequently the two retired to a bedroom and, locking the door, remained together for hours.

Taylor will undoubtedly be dismissed. He is a married man and has a wife and child living at 1413 Warren avenue. He joined the force six years ago and was made a sergeant under Mayor Washburne's reign. Mrs. Tupper has been turned out of doors by her husband, though both she and Taylor pronounce the charges a conspiracy to ruin their good names.

SHOT HIS WIFE AND HIMSELF.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Sigmund Wilber, aged twenty-eight, shot and instantly killed his wife, aged nineteen, the other night at Binghamton, N. Y. He then shot himself in the throat and died. The cause of the tragedy is unknown. The couple were married four years ago, but have not lived happily together. Wilber was addicted to drink, and on such occasions was very abusive. Four months ago Mrs. Wilber left him, going to the home of her parents on Clinton street.

Early in the evening Wilber called on his wife and endeavored to effect a reconciliation. He remained a short time and left, Mrs. Wilber promising to meet him down town. She kept her engagement, but could not find him and returned to her father's home. He was there, and they had some words, which were followed by the shooting.

SPIDER KELLY.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

In this issue we publish an excellent portrait of Spider Kelly, the champion light-weight pugilist of the Pacific Coast. Kelly is open to fight any 133-pound man in America according to "Police Gazette" rules, for the largest purse. He is now under the management of Otto Floto.

AUGUST HOEHL.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

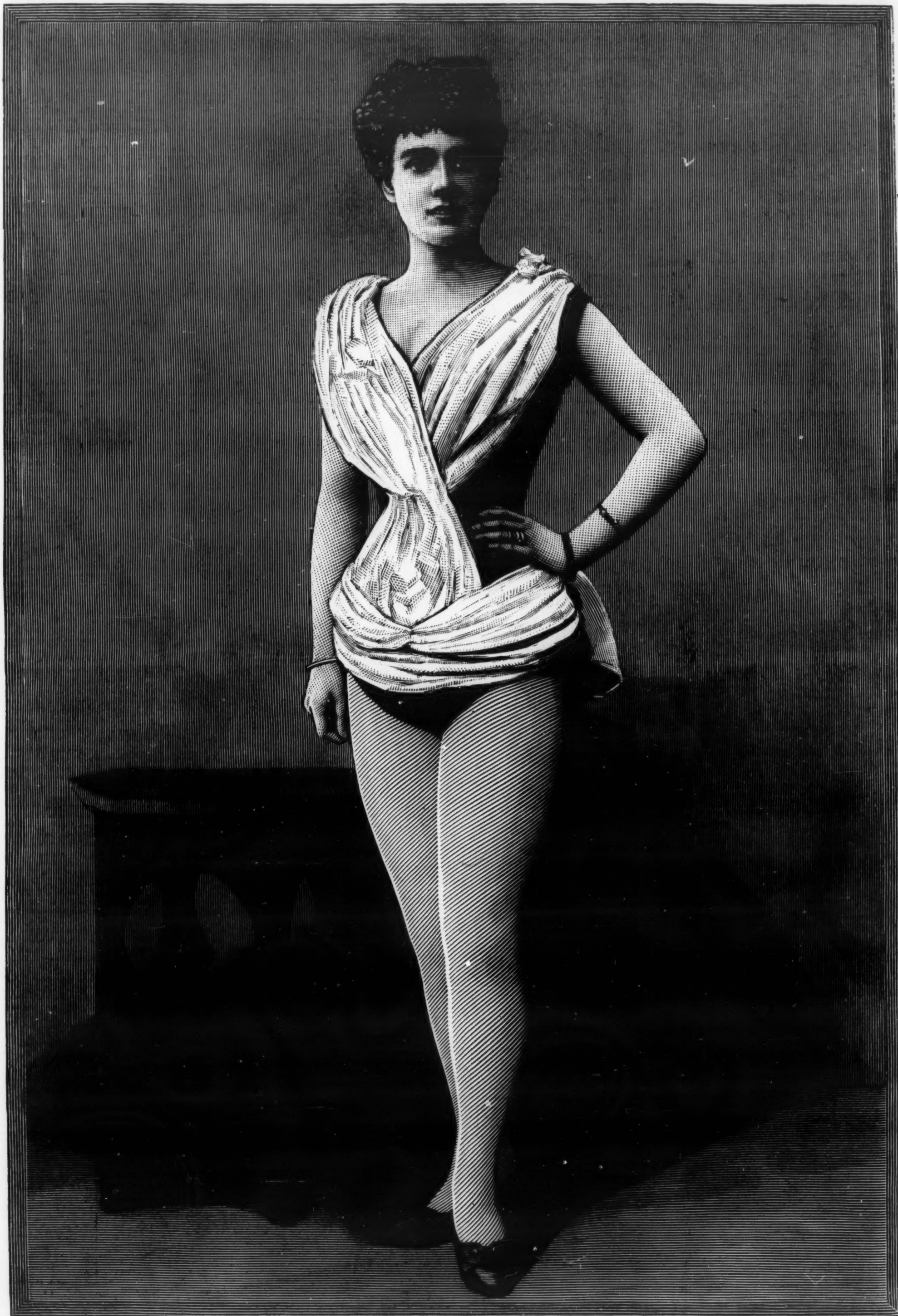
August Hoehl, the champion German strong man, whose portrait appears on another page, is anxious to compete against any strong man in America. Hoehl is a powerful man and has accomplished some wonderful feats of strength.

ANITA COURTENAY.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

Our theatrical page is embellished with a splendid likeness of Anita Courtenay. Miss Courtenay is a strikingly beautiful woman and clever artist, who is a decided favorite with English audiences.

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ANITA COURTENAY.

A PRETTY AND SHAPELY BURLESQUER, WHO IS FAVORABLY KNOWN IN ENGLISH THEATRICAL CIRCLES.



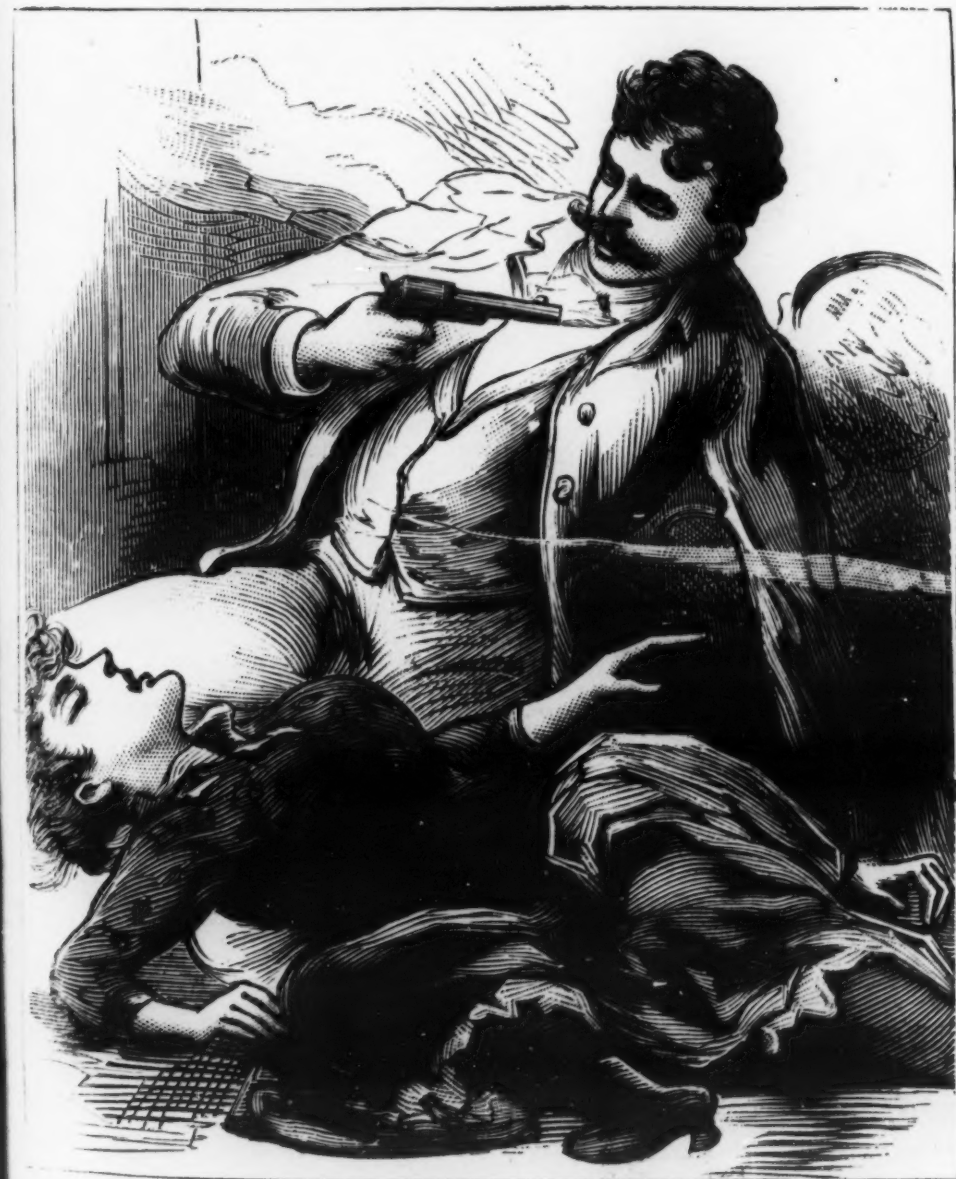
A POLICEMAN HER LOVER.

NORMAN W. TUPPER, A WEALTHY CHICAGO CONTRACTOR, FINDS HIS YOUNG AND PRETTY WIFE SEATED ON THE LAP OF OFFICER TAYLOR.



HER HUSBAND A WHITECAP.

MRS. EMALINE DALTON TAKEN FROM HER BED AND BRUTALLY WHIPPED BY HER OWN INHUMAN RELATIVES AT SALEM, IND., RECENTLY.



SHOT HIS WIFE AND HIMSELF.

SIGMUND WILBER, OF BINGHAMTON, N. Y., KILLS HIS YOUNG WIFE, FROM WHOM HE HAD BEEN SEPARATED, AND THEN COMMITS SUICIDE.



SHOCKED THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

MRS. J. H. RUSSELL, OF BALTIMORE, CREATES A SENSATION AT ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., BY DISROBING IN THE PRESENCE OF AN ASTONISHED ADMIRER.

IN A DENTIST'S CHAIR.

Miss Williams Tells a Shocking Story of Dr. Griffin.

DID HE REALLY KISS HER?

The Young Lady's Brothers Do the Naughty Dentist Up.

A HOUSTON, TEX., SCANDAL.

The good people of Houston, Texas, are greatly shocked over a sensation which developed at the preliminary hearing in the case of Harry and Willie Williams, charged with aggravated assault and battery on the person of Dr. W. B. Griffin, a prominent dentist of that city. The assault in question occurred in the Capitol Hotel, and it is alleged the two young men banged the dentist with billiard cues, and did him up in pretty bad shape. The Williams boys claim that Dr. Griffin had taken undue liberties and insulted their sister while she was undergoing a dental operation in his office. The preliminary hearing was before Judge Mahony, and the court room was crowded with people, who anticipated some spicy testimony. They were not disappointed.

This is the story Miss Lelia Williams, the sister of the Williams boys, told:

"On August 15 I called at Dr. Griffin's office to have some teeth fixed. He examined my teeth and told me that there were five that would have to be attended to. I told him all right and he went to work on them and drilled them out. After each tooth was drilled he told me to lean over and spit, and as I did so he put his arms around me and held me tight, and every time I flushed he patted me on the cheeks. After he got me in the chair he fastened the windows and locked the door. When he put his arms around me and patted my cheeks I thought he was rather familiar, but did not say anything on account of his being a dentist and meant no harm. It took one hour to drill my teeth out, and then he got ready to fill them. He put a piece of rubber in my mouth and straps around my neck and my head. He then let me down in the chair just as far as he possibly could, so I was perfectly flat. 'Now we are all ready,' said he, 'but your dress is too tight.' 'No, it ain't,' I said. 'Yes it is. You must take off your breastpin, and let me take it off,' he replied. I took the breastpin off and handed it to him. He said the dress was still too tight, and he took out another pin from my dress and laid it on the table. This left my breast exposed, and as he commenced to fill the teeth I felt his hands go down in my breast. I reached out with both hands and grabbed his hand, and he said if I did not let him loose he could not fill my teeth. Then I turned loose his hand and tried to hold my dress together. He done most of his work with his right hand and kept feeling and squeezing me with his left. After he had finished the teeth I went to the looking glass and he started towards me to take the rubber out of my mouth. He put both arms around me and said: 'Now put both your arms around me and hug me as tight as you can.' I told him I wouldn't do it, and he said he couldn't take off the rubber if I didn't, and I said let me do it alone. He then took the rubber off and felt over my limbs and then felt of my bust, which he kissed. I put on my hat and hurried out of his office, and he shouted to me: 'Be sure and come back to-morrow.'"

Upon cross-examination she said she submitted to these insults for two hours because she thought he didn't mean anything at first, and afterwards she had a rubber in her mouth and she couldn't call for assistance. She further said that he gave her no opiates or anaesthetics, and that she only had one tooth filled.

Dr. Griffin, in his own behalf made this explanation: "Miss Williams went into the operating room and I worked on her teeth, filling two and putting arsenic in the others, which would have to be worked on. The work was difficult and had to be performed from beneath. Most of the time I was working with her I sat on the right side of her and put the filling in the teeth with the old hammer method that necessitates the use of both hands. After I had finished I felt proud of the work and with a mouth mirror showed how it had been done. She left the office apparently pleased and promised to return the next day and have the work completed. No complaint was made while I was working, and I did not know that I had given offense until the next day. A man who said his name was Williams came to my office the next day and said I had insulted his daughter; that I had put something in her mouth and touched her in private places. He seemed to be mad. I put in the lady's mouth what is known as rubber dam. It is a dental apparatus. It does not close the eyes, it being merely placed on a tooth to keep the filling dry until it hardens. There were four or five women in the sitting room during the time I was operating on the lady's teeth, and I pulled three or four teeth for parties at intervals during the operation. The door was at no time tightly closed as a spring and a rubber at the top will not allow it. Mr. Gray Perl, one of my students, was in the laboratory during the whole time and as the partition does not reach the ceiling he could have heard an unusual noise or conversation, and nobody was denied admittance to the operating room while the lady was there. I sat down while operating on her teeth and her head was on a level with my shoulder and I had to reach entirely across her body while plugging the teeth. She made no complaint about the movement of my hands. I prepared four teeth and filled two and was engaged about two hours. I have been in Houston four years last April, am a married man with three children, own a home in the city and have a good practice. I had never seen the lady before she made the appointment and made no improper remarks to her. She seemed modest and lady-like while she was at my office."

"When preparations for the operation were made I asked her if it would not be best to take off her breast-pin. She took it off and I laid it on the dressing case, I saw nothing of any other pin. I could

have got along without taking the breast-pin off. I had never heard that any one complained of my professional conduct."

The case is exciting lively interest in Houston, and opinion is divided.

SHE WAS AN ALDERMAN'S SWEETHEART.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Now this is a true story about a man and a woman and another man.

Louis I. Epstein, alderman of the First ward, owner of the far-famed Randolph street, Chicago, dime museum and man-about-town, is the man.

Madame Weber, proprietress, generaline and mistress of ceremonies at 435 Wabash avenue, is the woman.

Albert Adolph Leyendecker, general agent of the McAvoy Brewing Company, is the other man.

rang her stock of pretty sayings and gentle smiles and bled herself and stock to the aforesaid placid, uneventful shores. This was Saturday, one week ago.

Sunday morning, while the warm sunshine was dissipating the miasmic mists and the little birds were carolling their doom-de-ays in the bramble bushes, Adolph Albert bent his way toward the wave-kissed hotel. He was accompanied by a joyous, matutinal feeling and a companion named Brand, who is the bookkeeper of the McAvoy Brewing Company. Brand was talking and telling funny stories while Adolph Albert wasn't talking about the gayety of the adventure, and in this happy, jovial way the duo reached the hotel, and while Brand went to play solitaire Adolph Albert repaired to the boudoir where his alleged own owner was nervously and impatiently awaiting him.

The joy of their meeting can best be learned by reading the last eighteen chapters of any of the late society



"NOW WE ARE ALL READY."

Now it was the way these three people all got tangled up at a hotel on the north shore of Cedar Lake, in Indiana, a week ago last Sunday, and how they got out of it, that this story is about.

The pleasing alderman found time in some way or other, between attending to his arduous duties as a city papa and museum proprietor, to make love to Madame Weber.

Louise, as the stately madame affectionately termed her wealth-laden sweetheart, has a temper like unto the rage of a tornado, but it oftentimes slept, and so it was that peace reigned supreme. Furthermore, Louise is jealous as a girl who doesn't know. He loved the beautiful madame with all the energy, vigor and vim of a Chicago theatrical manager, and he wanted his own love's affections to be exclusively and emphatically his own.

The chroniclers say the madame was equally fervent and jealous and emphatic and all like that for a long, blissful time, but then a dark little cloud crossed the radiant horizon.

Madame had her affections for Louise tampered with. Adolph Albert Leyendecker was the official tamperer. He had gold galore, and he had good looks in profusion, and he vowed by the hilarious Bacchus that he would love the blushing madame until the fires of Pordunk congealed in chunks. A long, long story, a sweet, sweet story it was that this purloiner of museum men's possessions poured into the ears of the madame, and after time had worn smooth the road to the stately dame's innermost heart, she toyed coyly with her \$50,000 necktie, and blushing like a roadhouse in the morning, she told him that she loved him just a little.



"BE SURE AND COME BACK TO-MORROW."

Louise knew not aught of this, or if he did Louise was wise and held his peace.

In the wild delirium of their first, first love these picturesque romancists made peace offerings at the shrine of Mamma Discretion and revealed in the thought that nobody knew.

Adolph Albert, in the exuberance of his and his bartender's spirits, wrote a letter to the hotel upon the uneventful but fashionable banks of Cedar Lake. And in the letter he ordered a suite of rooms held for himself and wife.

Saturday afternoon Madame Weber carefully ar-

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novels, for space here is limited, but it was all very, very true.

The sun went on shining and the birds went on carolling and the waves went on rippling until high noon. At this momentous period the solitary glugging in the glimmering gloom of the cellar cast a gloating gleam upon the rat and gurgled in melancholy pain.

Louise had arrived.

Not in the cellar, but in the office. He came in with a peaceful, seraphic smile upon his dark visage and iridescent gleams flashing from his \$3,000 diamond star.

"Are Mr. and Mrs. Leyendecker here?" he asked sweetly.

"Oh, yes," replied the clerk, who was less versed in wisdom than Chicago hotel clerks are.

But poor madame.

Louise made a lurch forward and his hard, unkind fist landed in the lady's eye and staid there until the face blushed black and blue with sympathy. Then the madame made a dash for liberty. During her flight she received a few good, wholesome punches, but finally reached the pier.

At first she tried for a boat, but no boats were about, and then with a wild, despairing scream she threw herself into the water where the bottom is twenty feet below.

The crowd was watching Adolph, but at the scream they rushed to the assistance of the woman. A number of men jumped in after her, but four reached her first. Then they started to save her, but the madame didn't want to be saved. She said she wanted to die, and intended to do as she wanted. This made the quartet more determined than ever upon saving her. They tried and tried again, but she fought and bit and struck and scrambled and screamed and kicked and raised more bumps and bruises and bit more arms and scratched more faces than those 999 people ever saw before. The struggle lasted thirty minutes by actual time, and then, exhausted and weak, the madame was brought out of the water and upon a stretcher was carried into the hotel.

Then Louise saw her again. He also saw a big bunch near the top of the madame's stocking. The others thought it a bruise but Louise didn't. He made a dash forward and while the rest looked on with wonder Louise rolled down the madame's stocking and out fell a big roll of money—\$400 in bills—wet and sticky, to be sure, but good enough for Louise and he put the roll in his pocket.

The hotel folks were greatly excited and ordered Louise and the madame to leave at once, but the madame was so ill they both stayed over night and in the morning they went away together.

HIS HEAD NEARLY SHOT OFF.

A desperate shooting affray occurred in the streets of Stanton, Ky., recently, during the primary election of William H. Averitt, Prosecuting Attorney of Trimble county, was shot and terribly mangled by Robert Hardwick, who was fatally wounded a moment later by Asa Pettit, a friend of the murdered lawyer. An enmity had existed between Hardwick and Averitt for some time.

It dates back to the last May term of court in Trimble county, when paternity proceedings were instituted against John Hardwick, an uncle of Robert Hardwick. Young Averitt had charge of the prosecution of the case, and on account of his vigor in handling the case the enmity of the Hardwicks was aroused, and numerous threats against Averitt have been made by the Hardwicks and their friends. The final scene was enacted on the streets of Stanton, Young Averitt, accompanied by Asa Pettit, had just entered the store kept by that gentleman. The two lighted cigars and walked out in front of the store. Just across the street on the corner is a drug store conducted by Robert Hardwick.

The proprietor was standing in his door when Averitt and Pettit walked out. He saw them and cried: "Averitt, we had better settle our differences now. There is no time like the present, and I am ready. You have got to fight, and immediately at that. Come across and settle it."

Averitt refused to cross the street and remained on the platform in front of the store. Will Hardwick was in the Hardwick store, and at this point grabbed a Winchester and shot at Averitt, the ball grazing his ear. Averitt ran his hand under his belt for his revolver, but before he could get it out Robert Hardwick seized a shotgun and fired instantly at Averitt.

The load of buckshot took effect in Averitt's neck, face and breast, almost tearing his head from his body. He died instantly. The Hardwicks then commenced firing at Asa Pettit, who had come to his friend's defense, but failed to hit him, although one bullet passed through his hat. Pettit, seeing that things were getting warm, grabbed his Winchester and opened fire on the Hardwicks. A rapid exchange of shots ensued, and when the smoke of battle had cleared away it was found that Robert Hardwick had received a Winchester shot through the left lung. A rush was made to the spot and the men were disarmed by friends. More trouble is feared, as the friends of Averitt say that he was killed in cold blood. Averitt was 27 years of age and unmarried. He was very popular.

He was the son of Colonel W. B. Averitt and a nephew of Hon. W. B. Peak, ex-Senator and now Representative from Trimble County. Hardwick is 40 years of age and unmarried.

ASSAULTS HIS STEP-DAUGHTER.

James Watson, a prominent farmer near Evansville, Ind., called at the residence of his step-daughter, Mrs. Alexander H. Innis, recently. He went to the side door and walked in without knocking. Mrs. Innis was in the front room at her morning work, and there Watson went. The lady was surprised at her step-father's appearance, but it was not long before the object of his visit was made known.

Watson made indecent proposals to the lady, which were rejected, whereupon he took hold of Mrs. Innis and tried to force her into submission. She had anticipated this action, and, sliding down on the floor, she took hold of the bed-rail and held it as tightly as her strength would permit.

Then Watson grabbed hold of one of her limbs with one hand and held the other over her mouth. The struggling woman tried hard to scream, but could not. Her husband, who had been across the street chatting with some friends, luckily came home to get a drink of water, and in passing into the house heard the noise made by his wife in her struggles. Innis entered the room and the truth flashed upon him in a moment, and, rushing up to Watson, he kicked him loose from his wife, then jumped upon him, kicking and choking him alternately.

Watson defended himself against the desperate husband until he reached the doorway, and made his escape, with Innis in pursuit. Soon a large crowd followed him. Boys pelted the fleeing William with rocks and sticks. He was finally arrested and arraigned before Judge Butterfield, who held him over to the Circuit Court in the sum of \$1,000. Watson is one of the best known citizens of the county, and is said to be worth \$25,000. His wife is now attending the World's Fair. The victim of the assault is about 30 years of age, and is one of the most respected ladies in the city.

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PLOTTED TO KILL HIM.

A Woman and Her Lover Con- spire to Poison Hubby.

HER GUSHING LETTERS

Reveal the Plot To the Wife Of
Her Paramour.

SENSATIONAL CHICAGO DIVORCE

Most astonishing charges are made in a bill for divorce in the Supreme Court, Chicago, by Mrs. Bella H. Hassett against William E. Hassett. It is alleged, and the allegations are supported by written evidence, that Hassett conspired with the wife of a wealthy farmer named Stone, now living near Nashua, Iowa, to murder Stone, get a divorce from his own wife and then marry the widow of Stone, who, by the letters attached, was more than ready to put her own husband out of the way that she might marry Hassett.

Mrs. Hassett is well known in the better circles of Cincinnati, where she taught school for several years. Her maiden name was Belle Cynthia Hicks, and her widowed mother yet resides in Cincinnati. Hassett comes from a wealthy family in Jefferson, Iowa.

His father was engaged in the hardware business in that place for a dozen or more years, and prior to his death, a short time ago, had accumulated a fortune, which will benefit Hassett, it is said, to the extent of \$50,000 or \$75,000. He was married to Miss Hicks, who at that time lived in Hamilton, Ohio, June 24, 1891.

About one year ago, while Hassett was traveling through Iowa, he became acquainted with Mrs. Nellie Stone, who was living with her husband, a wealthy farmer in Nashua. The woman, the bill alleges, became enamored of Hassett, and it is charged made propositions to make away with her husband, who was past middle age and an invalid. What the initial developments of the alleged conspiracy to murder farmer Stone were have not been made known. While all this was going on Mrs. Hassett remained at her comfortable home. The alleged plot, as evidenced by the data attached to the bill, was to take Stone to Chicago on a trip to the World's Fair, and then place a quantity of poison in the medicine he was taking. The couple hoped to shield themselves, it is said, from the clutches of the law by giving out that the death of Mrs. Stone's husband was from natural causes.

Mrs. Hassett became aware of the so-called intrigue through an accident. Not long ago her husband came home in an intoxicated condition and a quarrel arose, resulting in the defendant telling his wife that he had a woman living in Iowa who loved him more than she, and if she did not believe it she would find a number of letters in his trunk which would prove it.

Mrs. Hassett was quick to act on the information given her, and while her husband was away from home she opened his trunk and found the letters. She was horrified at their contents, and immediately put the matter in the hands of her attorneys, who prepared the bill for divorce. The most important letters of the bundle were read and attached to the bill.

The letters referred to are as follows:

NASHUA, Ia., June 28, 1893.

MY OWN DEAR WILL—As I am alone to-day, I will try to write one letter without being frightened out of my wits. I wish you were here to-day so we could talk things over. I am awfully afraid of letters, but this seems to be the only way. You must not write me later than Thursday, so I can get it Friday. We will get in Chicago Sunday morning at 6:30. Pretty early for you to get up, but you must get there. Now, dear, I think we will try between ourselves to have some accident happen the night of the 4th. I don't know what time I will go to the grounds Tuesday, but you must be my shadow. We will stay on the grounds in the evening to see the display.

Do not be too daring and get caught, but something must be done, and I don't feel like doing it alone. I have thought of a great many things. Now there is a gentleman who visited at my home a short time ago; a good, reliable man and a gentleman. I would send for him as soon as anything happened. I think he will be at the League Hotel, near the grounds. After which I would send for you, but some one else must be there first, don't you see, to save you, my darling, from being accused. Oh! darling, you ought to be good to me. God knows I have proved to you in every way how much I love you. Sometimes a crowd of people makes him sick, if I gave him anything I would say he got overheated during the day. I want it to happen between the first and sixth. If it could only happen when I least expect it, I could be more shocked. You see I will have to put on a great deal. Now, if we succeed, we will have to be very careful. He has a son who would have to be sent for, and he and I could settle everything better alone. You see, I would have to keep my place as a widow a proper length of time in order to be anybody in the future, and I am sure you would want your wife to be somebody of good standing.

Now think of all this; you know you have to have a divorce, and I could, by living careful, see you often and still be well thought of; if there is no other way, something can be given him, but I am afraid I should fail in the attempt. We must not let the chance slip. I would have to take him on to New York; then I could see you as I came back, and we could plan our future. If you get this in time write me to-morrow.

Put on your goggles to come to the depot, and be careful. He will not leave me long. If he once suspects us we might as well give up. Your own

NELLIE.

FRIDAY A.M., 6:30.

MY OWN DARLING BOY: The time of starting has been changed. We will leave here Monday morning, July 3, change at Waterloo, and go on the K. C. Get into C. some time after tea. You will know Monday night should you get a telegram in the meantime. Do not come here, for it would not do and I would not be here. Now, Babe, you can get some P. acid and give it to me, also some morphine. We may go in with a minister and his wife, but they will leave us Tuesday morning and go on east. Do not attempt to say anything to me unless I give you permission.

I could do something before I go in, but he seems in perfect health to look at him, and is feeling the best he has for a long time, but if I have a shadow of a chance I will see what can be done between this and Monday a.m. I am just wild. I do not wish you to keep one line that I have written since our marriage. You do not need them. You will have me when the time comes, and ashes tell no tales.

I shall burn every letter (as bad as I hate to) before I leave here. If I cannot do anything here, he must get hurt in Chicago accidentally. You can manage that yourself, and I can give him his medicine with something in it. He is not taking one bit of medicine now. So you see it would be a deliberate act of mine, and, oh, how heartless it would seem! But a woman will do anything for love.

grave," she said. "I always had implicit faith in my husband and believed all he told me. I do not know that I have ever seen Mrs. Stone, though two weeks ago a woman called here to see Mr. Hassett, who might have been her."

"Do you propose to institute criminal proceedings against your husband and Mrs. Stone?"

"That I cannot tell. The matter is solely in the hands of my attorneys."

A GENUINE AND FASCINATING COW GIRL

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

West of Chamberlain, S. D., in the ceded Sioux lands, is a genuine female cowboy. Her name is Gertrude Petran, 18 years of age, and she formerly lived with her parents near Kimball. Upon her parents removing to the ceded lands she accompanied them, and has since remained at their new home on Bull creek, in Pratt County. Her father invested in about 300 head of cattle. As her only brother works on an adjoining ranch, the duty devolves upon her to take care of the cattle owned by her father. She does not simply take the cattle to the range and leave them there, but remains with them all day and takes care of them as well as could any cowboy. Her duties frequently take her from 30 to 40 miles from home, as the cattle must be kept moving in order to feed good all day. Frequently some of the cattle become mired in mud along the streams where they graze, and then comes the hardest part of her work. She must rescue the cattle from their perilous position. This she does in true



HASSETT AND HIS PARAMOUR

The fellow I spoke of has a "cinch" on me, I have none on him. He offered to put \$5,000 out of the way if I would give him \$1,000, and I told him to do it. He has done such things before, but I don't know where he is and I dare not ask. I will try to make him sick between now and Monday morning, but I cannot get him to take anything unless he is. Now, do not write anything more after you get this. I will not write anything more, and all letters on both sides must be destroyed at once. If one of us gets into trouble we must not give the other away. We will never put one word on paper again in regard to this business. It is dangerous.

Now, good-by until I see you in Chicago, but don't let him get sight of you if you intend to do anything. If it does not happen there, it will happen pretty soon after I get back here, or in Davenport on our way home. Now do as you think best; I can give him a dose in Davenport and no one will ever know it. Good-bye once more.

Your own true

NELLIE.

When Hassett became aware in his sober moments that his wife had obtained possession of the letters, he made an attempt to kill her, it is said, and was only prevented from doing so by the interference of neighbors.

Mrs. Hassett was seen and admitted all the allegations contained in the bill, but was loath to give any additional information.

"My poor old mother is dying with a broken heart, and I fear the last circumstance will send her to the

cowboy fashion by fastening a lariat to the horns of the mired cattle, with the other end of the rope fastened securely to the horn of her saddle. Then a strong, steady pull by her pony draws the imprisoned cattle to a place of safety on dry ground. The young lady has been named "The Lady Cowboy" by the cowboys in that section. She dresses in the fashion prevailing among the cowboys. She wears a wide-brimmed white felt hat, long gauntlet gloves, carries a lariat coiled about the horn of her saddle, is provided with branding irons, and rides the wildest broncho on the range. She has full charge of the cattle on her father's ranch.

CHICAGO GIRLS ON A LARK.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

One hundred working girls enjoying an outing at the Cottage Home, at Lake Bluff, near Chicago, had a jolly lark recently that ended in chagrin and displeasure. Not having less modest suits they donned coats and trousers belonging to their fathers and brothers and went into the water, first having hired the Minnetonka bathhouse for the day. Some of the supererogative dwellers at the resort professed to be shocked at this, and complained to the manager of the bathhouse. He induced the girls to come out of the wet.

James B. Hobbs, the Chicago banker and churchman, has large proprietary rights in Lake Bluff, and did not approve of the fashion in bathing suits which was inaugurated and summarily dealt with at the camp meeting resort. It was said that the young ladies could not afford to purchase the regulation surf costume, and in order to enjoy a plunge in the classic waves of Lake Michigan were compelled to improvise their attire.

"It wasn't their big but their little brothers' clothes

which they donned," said Mr. Hobbs, "and it is not true that they were unable to get regular bathing suits. They are as nicely dressed as the young ladies at any resort. I suppose they did it for a lark."

BRAVE AS WELL AS PRETTY.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

A panel of fencing caused a fight between Messrs. Robert Miller and W. L. Hargrove, two prominent citizens of Moseleyville, a suburb of Milledgeville, Ga., recently. Miller languishes upon a bed, battling between life and death, while Hargrove stands behind the bars of Baldwin's new jail. Should Miller die, and his condition now is desperate, a charge of murder will be brought against Hargrove. These gentlemen are neighbors in Moseleyville, and Hargrove owns two or three tenement houses that he recently rented to negroes. Miller's pasture stands between the houses and the road, and recently, Hargrove tore down a panel of Miller's fencing to make an opening for his tenants to pass. The ground on which the fence was built belongs to Miller, and late in the evening that gentleman went out to repair the fence. Hargrove saw him as he did so, and in a few minutes was upon the scene with his pistol. He told Miller, so the evidence runs, not to place a rail and threatened him if he did so. Miller told him to go off and attend to his own business, whereupon a fist fight ensued. Hargrove drew his pistol and both men clinched.

During the scuffle Hargrove wrenched himself loose from Miller and fired two shots, one of them passing through the jaw bone, ranging down under the tongue and lodging down behind the throat. In the meantime Miller's daughter grabbed a hammer and struck Hargrove in the back, partially paralyzing one side. Hargrove dodged behind a tree after firing, but Miller's pistol snapped without effect. Both men stand high in the neighborhood and the affair is exceedingly regretted.

SAID SHE WOULD AND DID.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Head waiter Cary at the restaurant at Crystal Beach, Buffalo, N. Y., has experienced the novel sensation of seeing his wife leave him by the balloon route. And a more surprised man could not have been found between dawn and sunset. Cary is a "masher," and has kept his wife and babies in the background while he carried on flirtations with the fair diners at his table.

Mrs. Cary had a quarrel with her spouse lately, which ended in a threat that she would leave him for a home beyond the skies. The other afternoon a big crowd had assembled to see the balloon ascension. Just before the gas bag was filled Mrs. Cary trundled the baby over in its carriage and left it with her husband. The next Cary heard was the shout: "Cary, there goes your wife." Cary looked up and saw, to his amazement, hanging to the balloon the wife of his bosom. She seemed self-possessed on her aerial perch, and waved adieu to the crowd as she ascended.

He stood as if transfixed, unable to utter a cry. Presently the balloon was checked in its skyward course and then to his consternation the deserted husband saw his better half cut loose from the airship and drop with a parachute to the earth.

She landed only a few rods from her starting place. She was not half so scared as her husband, and it is safe to say Cary will not flirt again until he recovers from his fright.

SAW HIM THROUGH A WINDOW.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Thirteen years ago Jennie S. Sheldon was married to Wallace C. Edler, a member of the firm of Mues & Co., importers of laces in New York. The other day the wife filed a bill for divorce in Chicago.

The bill shows that on March 1 last Mrs. Edler left her husband because, she said, he had been guilty of improper conduct with various women in New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois.

Attorney Reeves said:

"My client, who is now residing with her mother, Mrs. L. M. Sheldon, of 162 Oakland Boulevard, is favorably known in New York and Chicago society. When she was married to Mr. Edler it was quite an event. When Mr. Edler commenced to take regular trips out of New York, ostensibly to visit his numerous customers, Mrs. Edler employed a detective. In various cities Mr. Edler visited women. On arrival in Chicago Mr. Edler registered at the Palmer House, and the same evening drove down Prairie avenue, followed by the sleuth. Edler entered a well-known residence. A Chicago millionaire's wife greeted him. Through a window the detective witnessed the scene, and later saw the couple go to an upper chamber. It was 10 o'clock the next morning when Mr. Edler returned to his hotel. Mrs. Edler does not know how much her husband's business is worth, but is positive he earns more than \$7,000 a year."

Lawyer Reeves refused to disclose the co-respondent's name, saying he must first secure an attachment in order to keep the person from leaving town.

CHARLES GAGNON.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

Charles Gagnon, better known as "Charley the Sport," is a well known and popular character in West Duluth, Minn. He is the proprietor of one of the finest barber shops in the town, and is a great admirer of the POLICE GAZETTE.

WILLIAM DE NUTH.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

Wm. De Nuth, whose portrait appears in this issue, resides in Brooklyn, E. D. He is a famous oarsman and has figured in numerous races with many of the best oarsmen in America.

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DANDY DEMPSEY, JACK, THE FAMOUS NON-pareil. His Life and Many Fascinating Battles, as Light-weight and Middle-weight Champion of America. Containing portraits of Dempsey, Fitzsimmons, Le Ringier, etc. Price by mail to any address 25 cents. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



BRAVE AS WELL AS PRETTY.

A PISTOL DOES NOT DETER MISS MILLER FROM ATTACKING HER FATHER'S ASSAIL-
ANT WITH A HAMMER NEAR MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.



SAW HIM THROUGH A WINDOW.

WALLACE EDLER'S CONDUCT WITH A MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE CAUSES HIS BETTER-
HALF TO FILE A SUIT FOR DIVORCE AT CHICAGO.



SAID SHE WOULD AND DID.

MRS. CARY CURES HER HUSBAND OF FLIRTING BY ASCENDING IN A BALLOON AT BUFFALO, N. Y.





SHE WAS AN ALDERMAN'S SWEETHEART.
AND WHEN THE CHICAGO CITY FATHER CAUGHT HER WITH ANOTHER MAN HE MADE THINGS
LIVELY, AND SHE, IN HER FRIGHT, JUMPED OVERBOARD.

SPORTING NEWS AND NOTES.

"A RULING PASSION,"
LATEST ISSUE OF
FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES

Complete List Upon Sale:

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Any of the above splendidly illustrated novels sent to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents each.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

Laurens S. Menjes is the champion bicycle rider of South Africa, and is now in this country on a racing tour.

Billy McCarthy wants a chance to fight Dan Creedon or Young Mitchell and he has asked the Columbian Club to make a match.

The international bicycle tournament at Cleveland, O., on Aug. 30, was a big success. A. A. Zimmerman competed and won four races.

Hite Peckham, the pugilist, is now located at Charleston, West Virginia, teaching boxing. He will give a boxing show at the Opera House in that city on September 4.

A. A. Zimmermann will never race in Milwaukee again. The people of that town blessed him on his appearance to race, and Zimmer says that if Ranger ever races at Asbury Park his townsmen will show the Westerner the difference between right and wrong treatment.

Hugh Napier and Mick Dunn have gone to New Orleans. Napier will meet Johnny Van Heest in the Olympic Club, and should win in pretty much the same way that O'Donnell won from Cattaneo. Both Australians will return in time for Dunn to meet Hickey on Sept. 25. The trio of Australians are playing in better luck than when they first arrived here.

Mike Haley and Steve O'Donnell are willing to make a match with Joe Chynski for a finish contest. O'Donnell, according to his friends, boxed all around Chynski when he was in California. When Chynski reached this country it is said that he remarked: "O'Donnell is a clever boxer, but that is all." Big Steve never liked the slur in this expression of opinion.

Frank Stevenson called at POLICE GAZETTE office and left the following:

NEW YORK, Sept. 2, 1923.

RICHARD K. FOX—Feeling that there is a hitch in the Ernst and Leeds match, I will back Jim Holmes to meet either of them for a \$1,000 stake and the largest purse.

FRANK STEVENSON.

Cuckoo Collins, the noted professional sprinter, who was shot in New York last summer for "throwing" his backer down in a footrace, came near figuring in another shooting affair in Valparaiso, Ind., the other day. He "threw" another race for \$5,000, and when the backer met him again he drew two revolvers and threatened to kill Collins if he did not give back the money. Bystanders protected Collins.

The following challenge was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 31, 1923.

RICHARD K. FOX—Gus Faulkner, of South Carolina, will box any man at 140 pounds, give or take 4 pounds, "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse of any amount, before any club in America or in Europe. He is now matched with Johnny Butler for the colored championship of Long Island.

From Chicago comes the following explanation: "Zeke Abrahams, who is Billy Smith's manager, is making a noise about the \$1,000 forfeit which he had posted with the Columbian Athletic Club to bind him to fight George Dixon in its arena. Abrahams thinks the money should be returned to him, although he broke faith with the C. A. C. It is unlikely, however, that he will ever see it again, as President O'Malley says he will hand it over to some deserving charity."

The following special cable was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

LONDON, Sept. 2, 1923.

RICHARD K. FOX—Jack McAniff, the American champion pugilist, while swimming at Brighton, came near being drowned. Charley Mitchell had to swim to his rescue. Tommy Burns, the champion aerial diver of England, will sail with McAniff and Mitchell on the Teutonic on Sept. 11.

The Charter Oak \$10,000 purse for the 2:18 class of trotters was decided at Fleetwood New York. Summary:

2:18 class—Charter Oak \$10,000.	
Harriet, b. m., by Alcyon, dam Harriet, by Harry Clay (Davis).....	6 7 1 1 3 1
Angeline, b. m., by Wilkes Boy (Hickok).....	1 1 3 3 3 3
Harry C. b. g. by S. T. B. (Carpenster).....	7 3 3 3 3 1
Bell's Pilot, sr. s. (McDonnell).....	3 3 3 4 4 0
Miss Allen, b. m. (Start).....	4 7 4 3 6 0
Ellard, b. s. (Dickerson).....	6 6 6 6 6 0
Leicester, ch. h. (Baldwin).....	3 3 7 3 7 0
Time—2:12, 2:14½, 2:15, 2:16½, 2:18, 2:19½.	

In the free-for-all race at Fleetwood Park, New York, on Aug. 30, Director broke the world's stallion race record. The great performance was in the fifth heat of the race. He went to the quarter in 0:33½, the half in 1:04½, the three-quarters in 1:37 and the mile in 2:09½. The horse trotted without a skip or break and finished with plenty to spare. His own mark 2:11½. Summary:

PURSE \$5,000; FREE FOR ALL—TROTTER	
Director, blk. h., by Director, dam Stonewinder, by Venture.....	4 2 1 1 1
Walter E. b. g. by Patchen Manbrine.....	1 1 3 3 3
Lord Clinton, blk. g. (Raybold).....	3 3 3 3 3
Murphy Wilkes, b. m. (Wiggins).....	3 4 4 4 4
Ryland T. b. g. (Shuler).....	3 4 4 4 4
Greenleaf, b. g. (Shuler).....	3 4 4 4 4
Time—2:11, 2:12½, 2:10, 2:10½, 2:09½.	

Ernest Roeder, the champion Greco-Roman wrestler, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office with his backer, posted \$100 forfeit, and issued the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Sept. 2, 1923.

RICHARD K. FOX—Feeling that Duncan C. Ross has arrived from Chicago, and understanding Ross claims he can defeat me wrestling, I hereby challenge him to wrestle me Greco-Roman style, best two in three falls, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. Or I will arrange a match to wrestle Ross two falls catch-as-catch-can, two falls Greco-Roman style, and two falls for the style of final bout for same amount. To show I mean business I have posted \$100 with the POLICE GAZETTE. Should Ross not accept I will wrestle any man in America Greco-Roman style for \$1,000 or \$2,500 a side and the championship.

ERNEST ROEDER.

Drago, the Australian Hercules, who stands 6 feet in height and weighs 235 pounds, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office with his backer, posted \$250 and issued the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Sept. 2, 1923.

RICHARD K. FOX—Feeling that Atilla, the French champion athlete and wrestler, has arrived in this country, and is ready to compete in feats of strength against Wm. L. Kennedy, Eugene Randow and others, I will arrange a match with Atilla to lift weights, dumbbells, etc., for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, or I will

wrestle Atilla Greco-Roman, best three in five falls, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. To show I mean business I have posted \$500 with the POLICE GAZETTE. If Atilla has not been boasting about his wonderful strength and his wrestling abilities, he will cover my money and name a time to sign articles.

DRAGO.

Theodore Heidke, the German champion strong man, came on from Philadelphia last week with a select party of sporting men, who intended to match him against Jas. W. Kennedy, the champion strong man, to lift the "Police Gazette" 1,500-pound dumbbell. Heidke stands 5 feet 11 inches in height, weighs 250 pounds, and can boast of measuring 51½ inches round the chest, while his biceps measured 20½ inches. Heidke's backers desired him to try and lift the dumbbell, which rested on a carriage in the POLICE GAZETTE office, in order to see if he had any chance of defeating Kennedy, who has a record of lifting it three times in succession. The powerful German stripped, and after putting resin on his hands remarked: "I will lift that, sure." Stripped, Heidke displayed splendid physical development. Three times did the burly gladiator strain on the bar until the bell was tilted, but one side always clung to the floor as if it was screwed. For one hour the man of big muscles strained, and only gave up when exhausted, but he had failed to lift the dumbbell, and his backers were no longer eager to match him against Kennedy. Heidke said he was going to train in a rolling mill, and that he would lift the bell yet.

Recently the Lawson Rifle Club, of New Orleans, gave a tournament at New Orleans. It was one of the most interesting events held under the auspices of the Louisiana Rifle League this season. The Arnolds have gained a better grip on the pennant by their score. The individual championship is also very hotly contested for between several very fine shots, among which are L. Falk of Volontiers, also F. Moths of same club, M. Teofor and P. Kinley, Chas. Ahrens of the Arnolds, Hy Scheffer of Bureau Club, W. Scheffer, J. Lawson and J. Kneiser of Lawson Club, J. Christian of Expectation Club, J. Lamara and J. Sickenger of Southern Club, J. Canavan of Eagle, V. and A. Lambour of Olympic, J. Scheffer, C. Requeiniell, K. Kopp, B. Berles and A. Letteller of Broadway Club, J. Delord, P. Toullet and A. Leveque of Unexpected Club, H. Lytle and several others of American Club. The season ends in October of '23. All these shots take place in different parts of the city and all are shot on 50 yards range, with steel targets 2-inch bull's eye, which is 13 points, a whole score is 25 shots, possible 325, of which five shots are fired at one time. The teams consist of 18 men each, and the League has eleven clubs. Each club gives a tournament every season, and seasons close with the championship shoot of the League in October.

The following letter was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office from James Stannbury, the champion carman of the world, who is going back to Australia:

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 2, 1923.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I write to ask you if you would be kind enough to return to me the \$500 which I placed in your hands as a deposit to row any man in America for the "Police Gazette" cup and championship of the world, as I intend to return to Australia about Sept. 16. I do not see the use of staying any longer in America as Jake Gaudaur, the champion carman of America, who claims the "Police Gazette" championship rowing cup, which represents the single scull championship of America, refuses to arrange a match unless he has his own backer as final stakeholder. Gaudaur will not row in any of the Western or Southern States unless I will give him \$500 for expenses, which I think is quite unreasonable. Although I hold the championship of the world, I will row any man in the world for \$5,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" Championship Challenge Cup, the race to take place over the Paramatta River, Sydney, New South Wales, Jake Gaudaur preferred, and I will allow \$500 expenses. Thanking you for the many courtesies received while I have been in the United States, I remain yours truly,

JAMES STANNBURY,
Champion Carman of the World.

BELLES OF COMIC OPERA and BURLESQUE. All the pretty girls of the stage. The largest and best collection of photographs in "Tights" in the world. All cabinet size. Price, 10 cents each. Address **RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.**

RYAN AND SMITH FIGHT A DRAW.

The Coney Island Athletic Club had a series of first-class glove contests at their new famous stave arena, Coney Island, N. Y., on Aug. 29, which was attended by nearly three thousand spectators. The principal event was a six-round glove fight between Billy Smith, of Boston, Mass., and Tommy Ryan, of Chicago, both well known in stave circles. They weighed 145 pounds.

ROUND 1—Smith led with his left, but Ryan got away quickly. They sparred a moment, then Ryan rushed into a clinch. Smith rushed and clinched following. On the breakaway Smith landed a heavy left-hand uppercut on the chin. Ryan put a straight left on the mouth and then some hot fighting ensued. Ryan landed a stiff right-hand jab on Billy's nose that made him snuff vigorously. They were sparring when the round ended.

ROUND 2—They went right at it, both swinging and landing, then clinching and in-fighting, with Ryan showing considerable cleverness. Honors even. Smith nursed a right-hand uppercut and Ryan hammered him on the nose with a straight left. A small bead of blood made its appearance on Smith's upper lip just as the round ended.

ROUND 3—They exchanged lefts and Smith rushed, but Ryan got away lightly. Smith swung his right for the body but could not land. Smith put a hard left on the wind and Ryan jabbed Billy on the nose with his left. Smith rushed and landed a sledge-hammer right on the jaw. Ryan retaliated with a corker on the cheekbone that made the Bostonian stagger. Smith tried four tactics a bit and was roundly hissed.

ROUND 4—Smith was the aggressor and rushed fiercely. Ryan, however, landed a heavy left on the nose. Smith missed a left-hand swing through Tommy's agility. Ryan put his right on the wind and then clinched to avoid a heavy right. Ryan now rushed and poked his left three times in Smith's face without a return. Smith tried to rush, but was staggered with a tremendous left on the throat. This was Ryan's round, and in a fierce burst of in-fighting both fell to the floor. Ryan was cut over the left eye and Smith's nose was bleeding freely. They fought all over the ring until Smith was clearly groggy. They were slugging away like tigers when the bell rang.

ROUND 5—Smith used his shoulders and elbow and was hissed. Ryan swung his right, but Billy copped him on the nose with a wicked blow. Smith tried to corner the Chicago boy, but could not. They mixed it wildly.

ROUND 6—Both were wary. Ryan led with his left on the jaw. Smith's left eye was closed and his face and chest were bathed in blood. They mixed it close to the ropes and Ryan landed a great left on the throat; Smith rushed like a mad man, swinging both hands like trip hammers, but Ryan ducked and ran away, laughing. Then they ran at each other like enraged bulls. Both landed terrific uppercuts in the wind and then clinched. They were both tired as the round drew to a close, and when the bell rang they were sparring. The excitement was at white heat when the men went to their corners. The referee called the fight a draw, amid general satisfaction. Ryan, however, made an excellent impression.

Prior to the above contest there was a 10-round go and a 6-round contest. The 10-round bout was between Harry Fenwick, the Arkansas Kid, and Billy Hill, the Pickaninny. They weighed about 125 pounds and fought 10 rounds. The go was red hot, the Kid being unscientific, but very game. The Pickaninny was clever and strong as a lion. Hill tried hard to get in a knock-out blow during the first 6 rounds, but Fenwick took an awful lot of punishment without flinching. The referee, P. J. Donohue, gave the verdict to the Pickaninny, but the Kid was so angry that he declined to shake hands with his conqueror.

The six-round bout was between Fred Morris, Billy Madden's cyclone, and Billy Hennessy, of Clinton, Ia. The men weighed 140 pounds. This was a real slugging match, Donohue calling it a draw.

There was a great cheer and cries for "Dempsey, Dempsey," and Jack was formally introduced by the master of ceremonies. A man shrieked three cheers for Jack Dempsey, which were given with an enthusiasm that almost lifted the roof.

CORBETT AND MITCHELL IN PRIZE RING costume, handsome cabinet photograph, and any other pugilist, actor and actress you want. Price, 10 cents each. Address **RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.**

DOMINO WINS THE FUTURITY.

The Great Two-Year-Old Captures the Big Prize.

JOCKEY TARAL'S CLEVER WORK

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The great Futurity race of 1923 is over and Domino, the greatest two-year-old America has ever seen since the unbeaten Tremont, won after a close finish with a rank outsider, Gallie. The race was run on the Coney Island Jockey Club track on August 29. About 15,000 spectators were present.

There were twenty starters out of the twenty-five entries for the Futurity, and that Domino should have been eagerly backed at 5 to 5 and toward the close at even money in so large a field and under the conditions shows what a strong hold the great colt has on the popular fancy. There seemed to be a great desire to inspect the colts, and just prior to the race the paddock was thronged with a large crowd of enthusiasts.

In the betting ring Domino was always the most pronounced kind of a favorite. He had never been beaten, the talent argued, and they were faithful to the last. When the bookmakers posted 5 to 5 against him they took 7 to 5 and 6 to 5, and they were taking 5 to 5 when the bugle sounded. Hyderabad, the second string to the Keene bow, was second choice in the betting, while Ray el Santa Anita, Dobbins, Fatality, Appomattox, Fondoline and Jack of Spades were the most fancied of the others. There was quite a strong play on the outsiders for a place and one, two, three; but it is safe to say that more than two-thirds of the money wagered on the Futurity went on Domino to win.

It was 4:45 o'clock when the jockeys scurried from their quarters and sought their respective mounts. The track, with the exception of a dark strip next the rail, was in almost fair condition. Joe Ripley drew the extreme outside of the track, while Amer was next the rail, beneath the 70 of the starter. Domino, Dobbins and Hyderabad were in the centre.

The Californian, Ray el Santa Anita, soon developed quite a temper, twisting and wriggling backing and kicking, until in one of his tantrums he forced McCafferty to knock down a panel of the fence with Fatality.

It was a beautiful picture as the twenty contestants lined up at the start, with a swaying field of corn for a background. All the colors of the rainbow showed in the variegated jackets of the jockeys, and the constant intermingling of the fractious young thoroughbreds gave a kaleidoscopic effect to the whole at a short distance.

A half-dozen breaks occurred, and then the race was begun to a fine start. It was a most thrilling scene as the splendid field, spreading from rail to rail, rushed down the slight incline, Gallie showing first, with Jack of Spades second, Dobbins third, Potentate fourth, Hyderabad fifth, Mr. Wernberg sixth and Domino seventh; the others in a compact mass, with no perceptible advantage. Not more than three lengths separated the first and last horses at the end of the first 100 yards.

In the dip by the woods Gallie maintained his advantage, and his tail waved in the face of probably a dozen horses that were crowded together so closely that it seemed sheer madness for boys to ride under such circumstances. Domino, Potentate, Jack of Spades, Fondoline and Dobbins were in that throng, and as they weaved in and out and crowded and jostled it seemed as though they were being carried along in a body by some tremendous engine.

Those in their wake were slugging in and out as though seeking an opening to get through, when suddenly Hyderabad, immediately in the wake of Dobbins, turned a complete somersault and Overton disappeared among the flying feet of the horses. Dobbins crossed him and the Keenes' second representative went down. Death seemed certain for the colored boy, but he was unscathed.

Meantime the other nineteen contestants were fighting viciously, foot by foot, whip and spur busy every instant, and the jockeys rode as though possessed of devils. Little Griffin on Gallie still in the lead passed the three-eighths pole a length before Dobbins, Potentate, Jack of Spades, Fondoline, Ray el Santa Anita and Domino, the last-named and McEllian's boy having been lost when Hyderabad fell, causing them to lose a little ground.

At the elbow Gallie was running strong, his fair-haired rider urging him to greater flights of speed with voice and spur. At his flanks on the inside pressed Dobbins, the giant chestnut colt answering every call McDermott made upon him.

On the outside, his nose at Dobbins' tail, came Domino. Taral's strong body worked unceasingly and the little giant, with nose tilted and tail waving in the wind, bore down upon the leaders, leaving the others to take care of themselves. Foot by foot and inch by inch Dobbins and Domino gained on Gallie, until an eighth of a mile from home they were but necks apart. The thousands in the grand stand and upon the lawn cheered and urged the riders of their favorites to greater exertions. It was a horse race, and everybody realized it.

In the last furlong Griffin used every endeavor to keep Gallie in the van, but it was a lulliputian against a giant, and Taral outrode both him and McDermott and drove the gallant Domino home under such a hail of punishment that he won by a nose on the very post. Griffin, by one last despairing effort, landed Gallie ahead of Dobbins.

None but the judges could tell who had won, and when Domino's number was hoisted on high the most extravagant kind of a demonstration ensued and men shook hands and women kissed each other ecstatically.

When Taral returned to the stand with Domino, the lucky little Dutchman was hoisted into the floral horsehoe prepared for the winner and carried into the paddock. He was seen later on and was enthusiastic in his praise of Domino.

"Great Scott, what a game little scoundrel that is," he said, "He won't do anything unless you make him, and I had to keep at him all the time. I lost a length or two by that bump up there where Hyderabad fell, but we got the money just the same."

Taral was presented with \$5,000 by the Messrs. Keene, and he richly deserved it. He has ridden the colt in all his races except one, when Garrison had the mount, and he has won with him every time.

By winning the prize the Messrs. Keene are \$49,715 richer, while Dr. Street can place \$5,233 33 to his bank account. Third money was worth \$2,666 67 to Mr. Croker. Of the three prizes awarded to the breeders, Major B. G. Thomas, of Dixiana Stud, Ky., got \$4,000, having bred D-mino; A. J. Casart, of Chester Brook Stud, Pa., the breeder of Gallie, \$2,500, and Charles Reed & Sons, of Fairview Stud, Tenn., \$1,000.

There were some who were prone to criticize the jockeyship of McDermott on Dobbins, and there is no denying the fact that the one time pride of Gutenberg allowed Dobbins to swerve at a critical time, and among those who thought that with a Garrison in the saddle Dobbins should have won was Michael F. Dwyer, the friend and counselor in turf matters of Richard Croker, the owner of Dobbins.

After the race, and when tendering congratulations to J. R. Keene, Mr. Croker offered to match Dobbins against Domino for \$25,000 a side, the weights to be the same as those carried in the Futurity, and the distance to be three-quarters of a mile. Mr. Keene seemed to be fully as anxious as Mr. Dwyer to arrange a meeting between the great two-year-olds. They each carried 120 pounds, and if there was any advantage it was in Taral having the mount on Domino, and those who have seen the little jockey in tight places must admit that he never appeared to greater advantage than he did in this race. His patience and perseverance were rewarded in this instance by a present of \$5,000.

SUMMARY.

Fourth Race—The Futurity stakes, a sweepstakes for 2-year-olds, foals of 1891, by subscription of \$15 each for mares covered in 1890, and of \$50 each for the produce of such mares, unless struck out by July 18, 1923, or \$100 unless struck out by July 15, 1923. All starters to pay \$250 additional, all of which shall go to the second and third horses, as further provided. The Coney Island Jockey Club to add \$17,500; the second to receive \$2,000 of the added money and two-thirds of the starting money; the third \$1,000 of the added money and one-third of the starting money;

the breeders of the winner and of the second and third horses, namely, the owners of the mare at the time of foaling, to receive \$4,000, \$2,500 and \$1,000 of the added money respectively, whether they be the owners of the horse when the race takes place or not. Futurity course; about 5/8 of a mile.

J. R. & F. F. Keene's br. c. Domino, 120, by Himyar-Manna-Grey.
G. W. Street's b. c. Gallie, 115, by Himyar-Manna-Grey.
Richard Croker's c. Dobbins, 120, by Himyar-Manna-Grey.
Potentate, Rubicon, Jack of Spades, Humsu, Mr. Wernberg, Joe Ripley, Frig. Fondoline, Wili Fonso, Figaro, Sam Lucas, Ray el Santa Anita, Princess Himyar, Appomattox, Amer, Fatality and Hyderabad also ran. Time, 1:11 4-5. Hyderabad, 1st; Potentate, 2nd; Domino 3 to 5; Ray el Santa Anita, 4 to 1; Wernberg, 10 to 1; Dobbins, 10 to 1; Rubicon, 12 to 1; Fonso, 15 to 1; Hyderabad, 15 to 1; Appomattox, 15 to 1; Gallie, 20 to 1; Jack of Spades, 30 to 1; Potentate, 30 to 1; Figaro, 30 to 1; Joe Ripley, 40 to 1; Sam Lucas, 50 to 1; Frig, 50 to 1; Amer, 60 to 1; Fatality, 60 to 1; Humsu, 80 to 1; Princess Himyar, 100 to 1.

DOMINO AND DOBBINS.

A Match Race For \$22,500 Between Them Ends in a Dead Heat.

The great running race between Richard Croker's Dobbins and James R. Keene's Domino over the Futurity course, about three-quarters of a mile, for \$10,000 and a purse of \$2,500 added by the club, was decided on the Coney Island Jockey Club track August 31. About 12,000 spectators were present.

Thousands of dollars were bet on the race. Taral had the mount on Domino and Simms rode the Tammany Chief's horse. Each famous two-year-old carried 118 pounds. Domino had never been beaten and he was the favorite.

Taral, who rode Domino in the Futurity to victory was loudly cheered when he came out of the paddock on the unbeaten Domino, who had already won \$14,000 this season, the largest sum ever won by a two-year-old. Simms on Dobbins was also cheered.

The track was superb and the weather perfect. No obstacle was in the way of a fair and equitable trial of the greatest two-year-olds in the country.

The youngsters were in the finest possible condition, and their trainers were unanimous in declaring that there was no excuse to offer if their charges met with defeat.

Unquestionably the sentiment of the crowd was with Domino. He had won time and again, and it would seem strange to see him defeated.

There was a large crowd present, but the number was hardly so large as the management expected. The match came upon most people with the suddenness of a thunder clap, and only a few could arrange to get away from business. Had two or three days' notice been given the banner attendance of the meeting would have witnessed the race. However, there were fully 12,000 persons present, just enough to comfortably fill the spacious grounds without crowding.

Society was well represented in the boxes, and the absence of the sun induced many to take up positions on the roof, from which place the view of the ocean and surrounding country is a feast to the eye.

There were other races on the card almost as attractive as the match, and the crowd kept the bookies pretty busy during the afternoon. Every one, however, tucked away a few dollars with which to bet on their choice in the match.

The horses kept side by side from the start. In the last furlong both jockeys whipped and spurred and then crossed the line together. The judges decided a dead heat. The result created great dissatisfaction. The time was 1 minute 12 3-4 seconds.

Match, \$10,000 a side, club to add \$2,500 Futurity course.
Starters, Wm. Jockeys, Betting
Domino, 118 Taral, 3-5
Dobbins, 118 Simms, 7-5

The match was arranged at the Coney Island Jockey Club on Aug. 30. strenuous efforts were made at Sheepshead to bring about a match between Domino and Dobbins. For a long time it seemed as though Mr. Keene would be deaf to all arguments. He was averse to making a match when it was first broached, stating that Domino had fairly earned a rest, and that if raced again this year he preferred to start him in some of the fall stakes in which he is eligible at stake weight. An endeavor was first made to arrange a sweepstake for Domino, Dobbins and Senator Grady. It soon became evident, however, that no arrangement could be made that would admit Senator Grady.

Later James R. Keene, Mr. Croker, Mr. M. F. Dwyer and Mr. P. J. Dwyer gathered in the paddock. After over an hour spent in discussing the various conditions Messrs. Keene and Croker came to an understanding. It required but a very few minutes for President Lawrence to agree to a substantial addition to the sweepstake on the part of the club, and a form of agreement was drawn up by the assistant secretary and signed by Mr. Keene and Mr. Croker.

The conditions of the race—"Match of \$10,000 a side, \$2,500 added by the association; to carry 118 pounds each; good day and track; to be run Thursday, August 31, over Futurity Course."

Domino has met Dobbins four times this year and beaten him every time. Their first meeting was in the Great American at Brooklyn, May 27. Domino was first, Dobbins second. Domino won in a gallop. Each carried 118 pounds.

Their second meeting was in the Great Eclipse Stakes, Morris Park, June 10. Domino was again first, easily, Dobbins second. The weights were 118 pounds.

They met for the third time in the Great Trial Stakes at Sheepshead Bay June 27. Domino won in a gallop. Dobbins was third. Each carried 125 pounds.

Domino's victory over Dobbins in the Futurity, when the weights were 120 pounds, is too recent to need mention.

"FIT AS A FIDDLE" is the shape you must be in to win in the Fall Boxing Bouts. If you would be in winning form you must begin practice at once. Send for a set of the Police Gazette STANDARD BOXING GLOVES and get your muscle up. Practice will make you "Fit as a Fiddle."

The following is a list of the trotters who lowered their records at Buffalo, N. Y.: Bellini, 2:26½ to 2:15½; T.O.P., 2:18 to 2:13½; Harrietta, 2:18½ to 2:15½; Fantast, 2:15½ to 2:12½; Fluida, 2:18 to 2:08½; Manager, 2:09½ to 2:07½; Prince Hersebell, 2:3

THE PLIMMER-DIXON GO.

Not Likely the Two Will Have
a Finish Fight At Present.

INTEREST IN AMERICA'S CUP.

The defeat of a champion has, in my opinion, a beneficial effect, not only on the champion, but on the branch of sport he represented. In all sports reactions must occur. A defeat of a champion creates a new interest in the conqueror, and it also convinces the defeated man that he is not invincible. Nearly every athlete, after he wins the championship, becomes over confident, and it is only a matter of time when he will meet his downfall. Go away back for a century and trace up champions who have won and lost in the prize ring, and the cause can be traced to either over confidence or fast living. This has proved true of pugilism, as the defeats of Sullivan, of Dempsey, of Goddard, of Cal McCarthy and half a dozen others, and now Dixon, testify. Each of the above has had his day. He fought once too often, that is all, and because Corbett, Denver Smith and Bob Fitzsimmons are on Easy street, interest is maintained. If the same fighters in the several classes continued to win year after year, the game would lack for patronage. The sport-loving American loves "fair play and no favor," and he particularly likes to see championships change hands. In consequence the majority of the sporting public is glad Plimmer beat Dixon, not because the latter is colored, as is generally supposed (color cuts no figure in the ring anyway), but for the reason that he has been supreme for years.

Ever since Dixon succeeded in winning the championship from Cal McCarthy he has been in the public eye certainly as much, if not more, than John L. Sullivan. Tom O'Rourke, one of the most zealous and shrewd men in the show business, has managed Dixon, and so cleverly that it would not, I think, be exaggerating to say that their combined profits from exhibitions, outside of Dixon's fights, aggregate \$200,000. The little fellow's attractive qualities were such that he was always in demand and he could invariably name his own terms. To have been defeated, even in such an unsatisfactory way by Plimmer, means that his prestige as a pugilistic star has been dimmed. The feckle public will hesitate to think of the 105 men he has knocked out during his uninterrupted career of victory. People will be prone rather to criticize his single defeat and take that as a medium for insult and rebuke.

Of course Dixon is "hot rag" to get on with Plimmer to a finish, but if I'm not mistaken it will be many moons before he fights anybody to a finish, and especially Dixon, the latter, if ever. He has the game in his own hands now, and Charley Norton knows a thing or two himself about handling fighters. As long as Plimmer continues to be a drawing card in variety theatres there is not much danger of his being called upon to fight anybody, only at such times as he himself feels like doing so. With the prestige attached to being the only fighter to whom Dixon, with his world's championship record, ever lowered his colors, he may for years to come be the pet of the pugilistic world and reap the reward of victory.

It is rubbish to talk about another meeting between the two boys, and certainly at the present time. Dixon is matched against Billy Smith at Coney Island, Sept. 25. He will whip Smith. There will be no more disputing, as there was at Coney Island recently, the eve of the four rounds with Plimmer. He will have easier game, but will be in better shape. The match is at 115 pounds. This is not Smith's best weight. He would have preferred to fight at 130, or, better still, at what is often claimed to be the feather-weight limit—125 pounds. At the latter weight he was at his best and might have a chance. On the other hand, Dixon's best weight is 115 pounds. He will never reach 115 pounds again and be strong, and this is the reason he and Plimmer will, perhaps, never meet. It is also doubtful if Plimmer will ever again fight at less than 115 pounds, give or take two. He looked very big the other night.

Since the meeting between Plimmer and Dixon many have come to the conclusion that because Plimmer had the best of the four rounds, which was the number named to be fought, that Plimmer can defeat Dixon. All glove contests in which the rounds are limited to four or six are mere competitions and the result, no matter whether they are in favor of or against a champion in no way affects his claim to the championship, neither does the contest prove who is the best pugilist except in the competition. Plimmer certainly had the best of Dixon for the four rounds, but then the contest ended. If the battle, for it was one while it lasted, had been continued, probably the result would have been different. Champion pugilists in my opinion are foolish to engage in limited number of round contests, because they do not prepare themselves for the conflict as they would if they had to battle to a finish and they say "why I can whip that fellow without training." Thus they fail to train and when it comes to an issue they find they have made a mistake. Dixon's battle with Plimmer taught him a lesson, but he is not the only champion who has received a dose of the same sort. John L. Sullivan, when he was to meet Tom Wilson, believed he could defeat him in a round. He did not train and after three rounds had been fought he found himself in the same boat drifting on to the breakers. At the time Sullivan was to fight Charley Mitchell at Agnew's, March 10, 1893, Sullivan would not have his mustache shaved off so confident he was of winning. Over confidence gave him the same set back Dixon received.

Jack Dempsey was another champion who had a narrow escape by over confidence and failing to properly train. He had the Dixon end of a glove contest with Reddy Gallagher. It was a limited number of rounds that Mike Donovan and Jack Dempsey boxed when the former fairly defeated Dempsey, that is if Plimmer defeated Dixon, but the referee decided the contest a draw claiming that he did not want to smirch Dempsey's reputation. Defeat in a four or six round glove contest in my opinion amounts to nothing, unless one or the other of the contestants is knocked out or unable to continue the contest. Charley Mitchell was defeated in a four round glove contest by Dominick McCaffrey in Madison Square Garden according to the decision of the referee. If the battle had been continued decision would have been reversed. Dixon still holds the "Police Gazette" championship belt, which represents the feather-weight championship of the world. His next battle will be with Billy Smith, of Los Angeles, Cal., who recently defeated Johnny Griffin in the Columbian Club, Indianapolis. Should Smith win, Dixon will have to hand him the trophy and the former will have to defend it against all comers. The Dixon-Smith battle will be fought in the Coney Island Club on September 25. Already Dixon has been made to experience what the loss of championship prestige means, for Billy Smith, against whom he is matched to fight to a finish, has expressed a disinclination to meet a loser. So far as Smith is concerned, I don't think he will be quite so ceremonious after he has exchanged blows with the little colored lad. The latter cannot afford to have a reputation of the Plimmer affair and that he will give the Californian a surprise I am convinced.

Harry Wheeler, the renowned cyclist, is without doubt at his very best. At the meeting of the National Cycling Association at Eastern Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Aug. 26, he broke all records, English as well as American, for a 5-mile competition on a 4-lap track, covering the distance in 12 minutes 42.5 seconds. His time for the various miles was 3 minutes 24.5 seconds, 4 minutes 47 seconds, 7 minutes 11.5 seconds, 9 minutes 45 seconds, 12 minutes 42.5 seconds. The last quarter was made in 27.5 seconds, and the best record, held by Zimmerman, is 27 seconds.

Every day from now on will be fraught with interest to yachtsmen. The four candidates for the honor of defending the America's cup are expected in our waters at any time and the work of preparing for the trial races will be pursued with much vigor. These trial races are down to be sailed on September 7, 9, 11 and 13, and two of them will be over the inside course in the lower bay and two over the outside course beyond Sandy Hook. Public enthusiasm is being worked up to fever heat in anticipation of a series of struggles which give promise of being even more interesting than the races in which the Valkyrie will be engaged. A lot of talk about the respective sailing qualities of the boats has resulted in the consensus of opinion being directed in favor of the Pilgrim, but improvements and alterations have been or will be made in all of the others, but whether they will make them speedier or not remains to be seen. The Vigilant and Jubilee will in all probability be the first of the single stickers to arrive here, as the Pilgrim and Columbia are now undergoing alterations which may delay them a few days. The English cutter Valkyrie, which is now on her way here, is expected to make the trip to Sandy Hook by Sept. 8, and that will give Lord Dunsraven a chance to see at least a couple of the trial races between the Vigilant, Jubilee, Columbia and Pilgrim. Dunsraven has informed Commodore Smith, Chairman of the New York Yacht Club Committee that he expects to be here Sept. 8, and will sail the first race on Sept. 9, providing he can get the Valkyrie ready in time. As he will have about three weeks to get the Valkyrie in condition to race after her arrival there appears to be no doubt but that the first great race will be sailed on that day. The public will have every opportunity to see all of the trial and international races, for numerous steamboats will go over the course with the yachts and will make their announcements as soon as the programme is definitely arranged for the races.

The Columbian Club officials do not believe that Jack Dempsey will meet Dick Burge, and they offer a \$10,000 purse for the English light-weight and Billy Smith, of Boston. Joe Lewis the backer of Billy Smith, when informed of the offer, said he would accept it for Smith.

By the way, I clipped the following written by Pendragon in a Buffalo newspaper: "Jack Dempsey has never been a favorite of mine. I have a dozen times before said in this column that his general popularity has been gained by the fact that he, like John L. Sullivan, the peer of American fighters, was liberal with money and supported the 'sucker' as he did the honest man alike. I remember that about five years ago Dempsey called at Buffalo. His first bow to the Queen City public was to state 'per bill' that he was the hero of fifty-six fights. The fact was that he had never fought twelve fights in his life—then or now, and I hate such a side show business. This was the fake that Tuttil's 'Infant' worked through the country, and local sportsmen perhaps more than New Yorkers knew that the big placards were pure jokes. I say again, as I have always said, that Jack Dempsey had one blow (called the 'short-armed whip'). When he got that in it was O. K. for him. But when I have said this—which, in a way, indicates my opinion of Dempsey as a fighter, I want to say that the press is far too generous to him in his present alleged straits. Inasmuch as the dictionary is understood, is a terrible thing. Dempsey has not been insane. His trouble is whisky, and whisky led to the 'D. T.' When Dempsey is put right on to the copper bottom, whether he is drunk or sober, he will come down to this—that he can't fight. This was shown in Buffalo, when the curtain was run down in the Adelphi Theatre to save him from defeat. Billy Smith could 'lick' two Dempseys in the same ring—one after the other—and Fitzsimmons could defeat a family of them."

If Pendragon had sent for "The Life and Battles of Jack Dempsey," published by Richard K. Fox, he might have discovered that the winner of the "Police Gazette" middle-weight belt had a better record than he claims. Nine of Dempsey's battles took ten or more rounds to decide. These are as follows: Ned McKenney, 27; Jack Boylan, 23; George Fullames, 23; Jack Figgery, 27; La Blanche, 18; John Megan, 45; Dominick McCaffrey, 10. Beaten by La Blanche, 23; Bob Fitzsimmons, 11. Of these enumerated, six were skin-tight gloves, three were on the turf and six were acknowledged to be for championship honors. I have not referred to his second fight with Boylan, which occupied thirty-five minutes; of his victory over Dacey in 9 rounds, of his defeats of Turnbull, Billy Fraser, Jimmy Ryan, Jim Fall, Charley Bixasom, Tom Barry, Tom Cleary, Jack Keenan, Dave Campbell, Tom Henry, Pete McCoy, Mike Boies, Sandy Bannister and Billy Baker, both of Buffalo; Jack Leagion, Denny Kileen, Frank Bosworth, Denny Keilher and Billy Giebig. Perhaps, now that Pendragon's memory has been refreshed, he will regret his scurrilous and the meanness of his attack on a man once great but who is now in unfortunate circumstances.

REFERENCE.

PICK YOUR FAVORITE, and send 10 cents for his or her photograph. We have photographs of every actor, actress, pugilist and athlete you can mention. All cabinet size, and only 10 cents each. Sent by mail to any address by **RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.**

JACK DEMPSEY WELCOMED.

Jack Dempsey on his arrival in New York on August 25, was tendered a reception at the Columbia Athletic Club. At the Pennsylvania railroad depot at Cortlandt street, he was met by a big delegation of sporting men. He was then hustled into a decorated coach, especially provided for the purpose, and the journey to the scene of the reception was begun. It was indeed a triumphal march, and must have made Jack feel good, for all along the line of march, which was from the foot of Cortlandt street to Forty-second street and back to the Columbia Athletic Club rooms, the streets were lined with people who cheered "the Nonpareil." There was an abundance of fireworks and no end of bonfires.

It was close on to 9 o'clock before the procession reached the clubhouse, and when Dempsey alighted from his coach he was again loudly cheered. He was met by President Conn, who made a neat address, after which came a general handshaking. "At present I tip the scales at 165 pounds," said Dempsey, "but I can get down to my fighting weight, which will be in the future between 135 and 145 pounds, in about a month. I have decided not to go out of my class any more. I will neither give nor take a pound."

Gus Tuttil said that Jack's first fight will be with Dick Burge, of England. He has not decided whether he will challenge the winner of the Smith-Ryan fight. Even should he challenge the winner, the fight will not come off until after Dempsey meets Burge. One of the first to greet Dempsey was Billy Plimmer, who beat George Dixon at Madison Square Garden last week.

DIXON NOT DISCOURAGED.

George Dixon, the champion featherweight, is in Boston. He had little to say about his recent bout with Billy Plimmer on his arrival, and was in a happy frame of mind, despite the fact that the decision was against him.

"I was all right," said he, "but the referee could not see my blows landing on Plimmer, and I guess I would have had to knock him out in order to get the decision."

"He hit me only one good blow, and that did not jar me in the least."

"This is the second time they have roasted me in New York, and they'll not have another chance. I only hope that some of my enemies will have courage enough to bet when I meet Plimmer in a finish contest. I'll show them whether or not I have gone back."

"I am satisfied that Plimmer will fight me at 114 pounds, and just before I left New York Judge Newton told me he would give a \$10,000 purse for us providing I whip Billy Smith."

"I also understand that Johnny Murphy wants to fight Plimmer, and that the Columbian Club will give a \$5,000 purse. It would be a good fight between them."

HERE'S A RICH ONE. "A PARISIAN SULTANA," No. 15, FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, a charming story from the French, by Albert de Sagan. Beautifully and appropriately illustrated. Price 50 cents. Address **RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.**

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

C. & H. Bristol, Conn.—Yes.
D. V., Detroit, Mich.—We cannot say.
READER.—We have not the statistics.
W. S., Columbus, O.—Low, Jack goes out first.
J. J. M., West Orange, N. J.—Charley Mitchell.
C. H. S., New York.—We cannot use your photo.
H. F., Chicago, Ill.—George Dixon was born in 1871.
R. T., Harrison, N. J.—The man with the ace, of course.
T. W. R., New York.—He received an inspector's salary.
C. A. B., Ellensburg, Wash.—We cannot publish the photo.
J. F. M., Buffalo, N. Y.—Send on a challenge with a forfeit.
S. W. H., Fultonville, N. Y.—No; it is the next player's first bet.
G. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.—We do not charge for publishing portraits.

C. E. N., Fort Dodge, Iowa.—Not after the trump card is turned.

A. M., Savannah, Ga.—We have not Charley Merchant's address.

F. W., New York.—Send a challenge with a forfeit and we will give it publicity.

H. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.—T. Cartwright won a Sheffield handicap on Aug. 18, 1893.

J. W. H., Albany, N. Y.—We do not decide catch bets. Draw down your money.

GCS, New York.—Jack Dempsey never kept a saloon on the Bowery, New York.

T. J. C., Cleveland, O.—The championship is in abeyance. Ed. Smith claims the title.

T. J. K., Mingo Junction, O.—We have not the address of Hugh Kelly, the pugilist.

W. M., Milwaukee, Wis.—Send 50 cents. We will send you the standard book on boxing.

O. C. R., Fairbury, Neb.—Address a letter to Robert Pinkerton, Exchange Place, New York.

O. K., Armourdale, Kan.—There are no rules governing the game. It is played similar to quoits.

M. W. B., Ypsilanti, Mich.—Send 50 cents to this office and we will send you a copy of "Monte Carlo."

B. W. J., New York.—I. We do not know any one who will back you. 2. In the fourth ward, New York City.

A. B. S., St. Louis, Miss.—I. Jack McAniff was born in Cork, Ireland. 2. Sandow was born in Pomerania, Prussia.

F. K., Chicago, Ill.—I. We do not know what rules governed. 2. The referee is the proper person to settle the question.

W. F. J., Kansas City.—The fastest time on record for swimming one mile is 35 minutes 5 seconds made by J. Nuttall.

E. D., Richmond, Va.—I. George Dixon was born on July 29, 1870. 2. Yes. He is the feather-weight champion of the world.

G. M. S., San Francisco, Cal.—Address a letter to Dan O'Leary care of Inter-Ocean, Chicago. He is to manage the proposed race.

F. F. R. C., Fort Thomas, Ky.—In the first place there is no such hand as a "double ace flush." The best hand wins in every case.

C. Milton, Pa.—A royal flush is the ace, king, queen, jack, ten of any suit. Called royal because it includes the court cards.

F. A. D., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Jem Mace held the championship of England longer than John L. Sullivan held the championship of America.

J. E. J., Williams, Ariz.—I. Peter Maher and Bob Fitzsimmons fought 15 rounds when they fought for \$10,000 in New Orleans. 2. No.

JACK POT, New York.—He should have laid the card to one side, in full view of the players. Under the circumstances A did not win the pot.

L. L., Hartford, Conn.—Hugging on the ropes or off the ropes when pugilists are fighting, is foul according to Marquis of Queensberry rules.

A. E. W., Roanoke, Va.—A professional is an athlete who competes for money. An amateur is an athlete who does not compete for money.

J. K., Chicago, Ill.—I. Billy Myer was born in Streator, Ill., Feb. 13, 1860. 2. Myer fought Jimmy Carroll Dec. 3, 1891. 3. He was 31 years of age.

C. H. MCF., Worcester, N. Y.—Charley Mitchell, technically speaking, was never defeated in the prize ring in any contest upon which a stake or purse depended.

S. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—I. It was the duty of the referee to settle the question when the judges disagreed. 2. The first decision was final and could not be reversed.

J. T. C., Tallahassee, Fla.—I. Peter Jackson has been defeated; Bill Farnam defeated him in Australia. 2. It is a question which can only be decided by a contest in the arena.

M. W., Paterson, N. J.—The fastest amateur time on record for one mile swimming is 25 minutes 5 seconds, made by J. Nuttall of England, at Rochdale, Lancashire, England, on August 19, 1893.

W. J. L., Bristol, Conn.—There is no such thing as a chance blow when two men of equal size and science are fighting. It was not a chance blow that caused Hall's defeat by Bob Fitzsimmons.

J. M., Nashville, Tenn.—I. Charley Mitchell was born at Birmingham, England, Nov. 24, 1861. 2. Corbett and Mitchell have never fought or boxed as opponents. 3. Jim Corbett and Peter Jackson fought 61 rounds.

W. J., Boston, Mass.—The fastest time on record for running five miles on a bicycle is 12 minutes 45 seconds, made by Harry Wheeler, of Orange, N. J., on a quarter-mile track, at Brooklyn, N. Y., on Aug. 26, 1893.

M. L., Troy, N. Y.—George Dixon has fought Cal McCarthy twice. The first battle ended in a draw and in the second Dixon won. The battle fought on Feb. 7, 1890, between Dixon and McCarthy lasted 4 hours and 40 minutes.

J. H. S. & J. W. D., Hampton, Va.—I. Commodore Sloat, commander of squadron, hoisted the American flag at Monterey, Calif. July 7, 1846. Commander Montgomery, of the sloop-of-war Portsmouth, hoisted the American flag at San Francisco on July 8, 1846. 2. The Battle of Rosacea de la Palma was fought by Genl. Taylor before the declaration of war by U. S. Congress. 3. Yes.

W. W., Pittsburgh, Pa.—If the race was postponed for one week after you and your opponent ran a dead heat and it was mutually agreed by your opponent and yourself to postpone the race over Sunday you are entitled to the stakes by your opponent failing to appear. On the other hand if your opponent did not agree to run at the time the referee named, and he could object as Sunday intervened, then neither are entitled to the stakes.

F. W., Chicago, Ill.—Johnny Bagen was born in New York City on June 28, 1868. Bagen fought Chas. Bogart of Brooklyn; James Donnelly, James Walsh, Jack Farrell, Bill Garrett, English Fay, Tom McCoy, Dick Williams, Mike Leary, Billy Teese, W. Banks and Jack Files. The battle with Files lasted 3 hours 14 minutes, 44 rounds being contested. Reagan fought a draw with Tom Henry, of Barry, Eng. and

says he was robbed when the decision in his contest with Fred Woods of Philadelphia, at Long Island City, was given against him. He was defeated by Jack Dempsey for \$1,000, the "Police Gazette" championship belt and the middleweight championship, and by Pete McCoy in an eight round glove contest.

H. W. C., Boston.—The record of Ed Gorman, the pugilist, is as follows: In 1887 knocked out Tom Collins of New York, and stopped Sam Gilman of Denver in 43 rounds. In 1888 beat Jim Parrell of Boston in 16 rounds; beat Billy Fraser of Boston in 49 rounds; draw with George Fullames of Bristol, Eng. In 1889 beat George Fullames in 23 rounds; stopped Billy Taylor of Ray City, Mich. in 13 rounds; beat P. Ross at Detroit in 28 rounds. In 1890 knocked out Jimmie McAlle at Bradford, Pa., in 9 rounds; stopped M. J. Donovan in 7 rounds; knocked out Jack Bolan of Cincinnati, in Irving, in 4 rounds; beat Jim Williams at Rochester, N. Y., in 13 rounds; beat Jas. Doherty at Lassa, N. Y., in 6 rounds; beat Tommie Ledley at London, Can., in 10 rounds; beat Jack Ryne in Hamilton, Can., in 8 rounds; beat Frank Murray at Hamilton in 7 rounds. In 1891 beat Billy Hawkins in Chicago in 58 rounds; beat Joe Fielding before the same club in 7 rounds. In November, 1891, whipped Tommie Corner of Cincinnati before the Columbus Athletic Club at Columbus, in 3 rounds. In addition to the above Gorman has stopped Tommie Green of West Virginia in eleven rounds.

RIVERSIDE, N. J., ATHLETIC CLUB GAMES.

At Riverside Park, Waverly, N. J., on August 26 the Riverside Athletic Club held their sports. The following is a summary of the various events:

One Mile Safety Race for Novices (scratch)—Final heat—Won by Charley Brady, Metropolis Wheelmen; Fred N. Nagle, Metropolis Wheelmen, second. Time, 3 minutes 20.5 seconds.

Four Hundred and Forty Yard Run for Novices (scratch)—Won by four yards by Godfrey Racet, Overpeak Field Club, with J. Owen, Riverside Athletic Club, second. Time, 55 seconds.

One Mile Safety Race (handicap)—Won by J. Willis, United Cycle League, of Westfield, N. Y., with G. H. Coffin, Orange Athletic Club Cyclists (100 yards), second. Time, 3 minutes 19.5 seconds.

One Hundred Yards Dash (handicap)—Final heat—Won by J. W. McAniff, Riverside Athletic Club, 44 yards; E. W. Allen, New York Athletic Club (scratch), second. Time, 10.1 seconds.

One Mile Run (handicap)—Won by R. Stansfeld, Riverside Athletic Club (105 yards), with John J. Leonard, Union Athletic Club (105 yards), second. Time, 4 minutes 2.5 seconds.

Three Hundred Yard Run (handicap)—Won by E. W. Allen, New York A. C. (scratch) with H. S. Lyons, New York A. C. (8 yards), second. Time, 3.5 seconds. The world's record for the distance is 3.5 seconds.

Two Mile Safety Race (handicap)—Won by J. Willis, Union League Club of Westfield, N. J. (135 yards), with G. Frederick Royce, Passaic A. C. (80 yards), second. Time, 4 minutes 20.5 seconds.

Eight Hundred and Eighty Yard Run (handicap)—Dead heat between R. Clarkson, Jr., Passaic A. C. (18 yards), and M. E. Smith, New Jersey A. C. (10 yards). Time, 1 minute 50.5 seconds.

Half Mile Safety Race (scratch)—Won by Paul Groesch, Passaic Athletic Club, with George W. Coffin, Orange Athletic Club Cyclists, second. Time, 1 minute 11.5 seconds.

Three Mile Special Run (scratch)—Won by E. C. Carter, Time, 15 minutes 23.5 seconds.

Three Mile Team Race (scratch)—Won by the Elisabeth Athletic Club.

DIXON WILL BET \$5,000.

Tom O'Rourke, Dixon's manager, returned from Boston to New York on Aug. 28. He was disappointed, but not surprised, that Plimmer had not replied to his challenge. O'Rourke implied very strongly that Plimmer is afraid of Dixon.

"Why," said O'Rourke, "Plimmer hasn't heart enough to carry him that far."

When it was remarked that Plimmer is perhaps holding out for a further reduction in weights, O'Rourke said that was a miserable quibble. "They have met at 115 pounds," he continued, "Plimmer was given the decision. Now Dixon will throw off four pounds, and it will take Plimmer all his time to get to that weight without going around bluffing. His backers won't take any chances. They are afraid to risk any money, except in purse affairs, where there is no chance to lose."

The following letter has been received at the POLICE GAZETTE office from Dixon:

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 29, 1893.

RICHARD K. FOX, Dear Sir: In regard to the challenge to Billy Plimmer, issued in my behalf by Tom O'Rourke through the POLICE GAZETTE, I will say that I will bet Plimmer \$5,000 of my own money, or more if he wishes, that I will beat him in a finish fight at 114 pounds. I have always been giving away weight to everybody. In this case I do so again, while Plimmer will not have to give away an ounce, as he well knows. When I fought Cal McCarthy I weighed only 97 pounds to his 114, so Plimmer's talk about my being way over his weight is all bluff. If he does not accept this challenge or make some effort to cover the \$1,000 deposited in your hands, at least he should stop blowing. A 4-round contest does not constitute a fight.

GEORGE DIXON.

Feather-weight Champion of the World.
O'Rourke says if Plimmer and his backers had any intent n of really demonstrating Plimmer's superiority, they would n cover his thousand dollars.

BIG PURSES and THE MEN who fight for them. The champion pugilists of the world. Their lives and battles, published separately in book form, 25 cents each. "The Police Gazette Library of Sports." Address **RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.**

FINE BICYCLE RACING.

At Chester Park, Cincinnati, on August 26 there was splendid cycle racing. The following is the summary:

One Mile Invitation.—A. M. Donaldson, Newport, Ky., first; H. Teft, Clifton City, second; R. Kellogg, Avondale City, third; C. H. Langley, fourth. Time, 3 minutes 55 seconds.

Half Mile Open.—A. A. Zimmerman, first; W. W. Windle, second; Hoyland Smith, third; A. T. Crooks, fourth. Time, 1 minute 15.5 seconds.

One Mile, 2:30 Class.—C. H. Bauers, Cincinnati, first; C. S. Hardy, Cincinnati, second; L. B. Sawyer, third; C. S. Reiger, fourth. Time, 3 minutes 55.5 seconds.

Two Mile Handicap.—W. A. Rhodes (80 yards), first; D. Kennedy (100 yards), second; A. T. Crooks (60 yards), third; Con Baker, Columbus (100 yards), fourth; Hoyland Smith (15 yards), fifth. Time, 5 minutes, 25 seconds.

One Mile Handicap, for Local Riders.—C. E. Tudor, Cincinnati (40 yards), first; J. P. Milder, Cincinnati (150 yards), second; L. B. Sawyer, Hartwell (50 yards), third; W. S. Holmes, Cincinnati (150 yards), fourth. Time, 2 minutes 55 seconds.

Two-Mile Cap Race.—A. L. Baker, Columbus, won. W. F. Murphy, N. Y. A. C. second; L. D. Mauder, Chicago, third; H. R. Steenson, C. M. Baker and E. C. Bode tied for fourth place. Time, 5 minutes 45 seconds.

Half-Mile, 1:30 Class.—A. T. Crooks, Buffalo, won; C. H. Bauer, Cincinnati, second; C. E. Tudor, Cincinnati, third; S. Rank, Clifton, fourth. Time, 1 minute 13.5 seconds.

One-Mile International.—A. A. Zimmerman won; W. W. Windle, second; W. A. Rhodes, third; H. C. Tyler, fourth. Time, 2 minutes, 35.5 seconds.

One-Mile Handicap.—J. P. Bliss, Chicago (30 yards), won; Con Baker, Columbus (75 yards), second; A. D. Kennedy (50 yards), third; A. L. Baker, Columbus (110 yards), fourth. Time, 3 minutes 31 seconds.

One-Mile Open.—A. A. Zimmerman won; W. W. Windle, second; H. C. Tyler, third. Time, 2 minutes 47 seconds.

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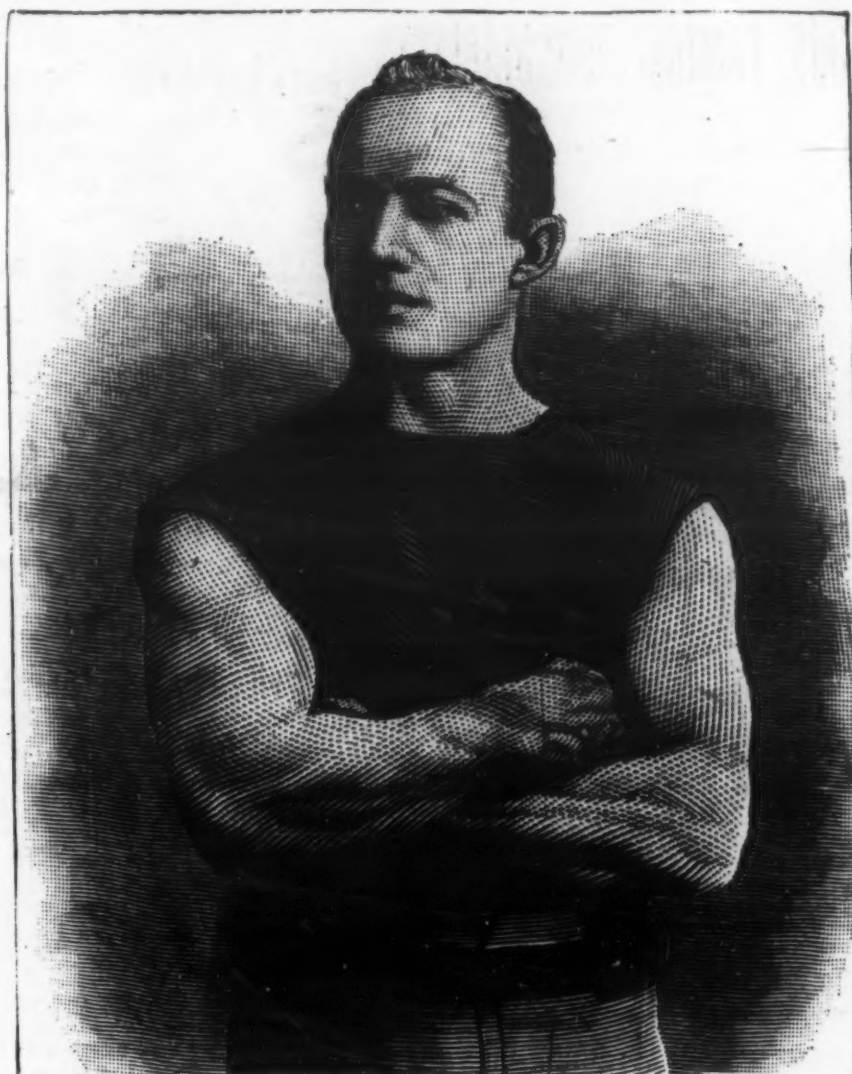


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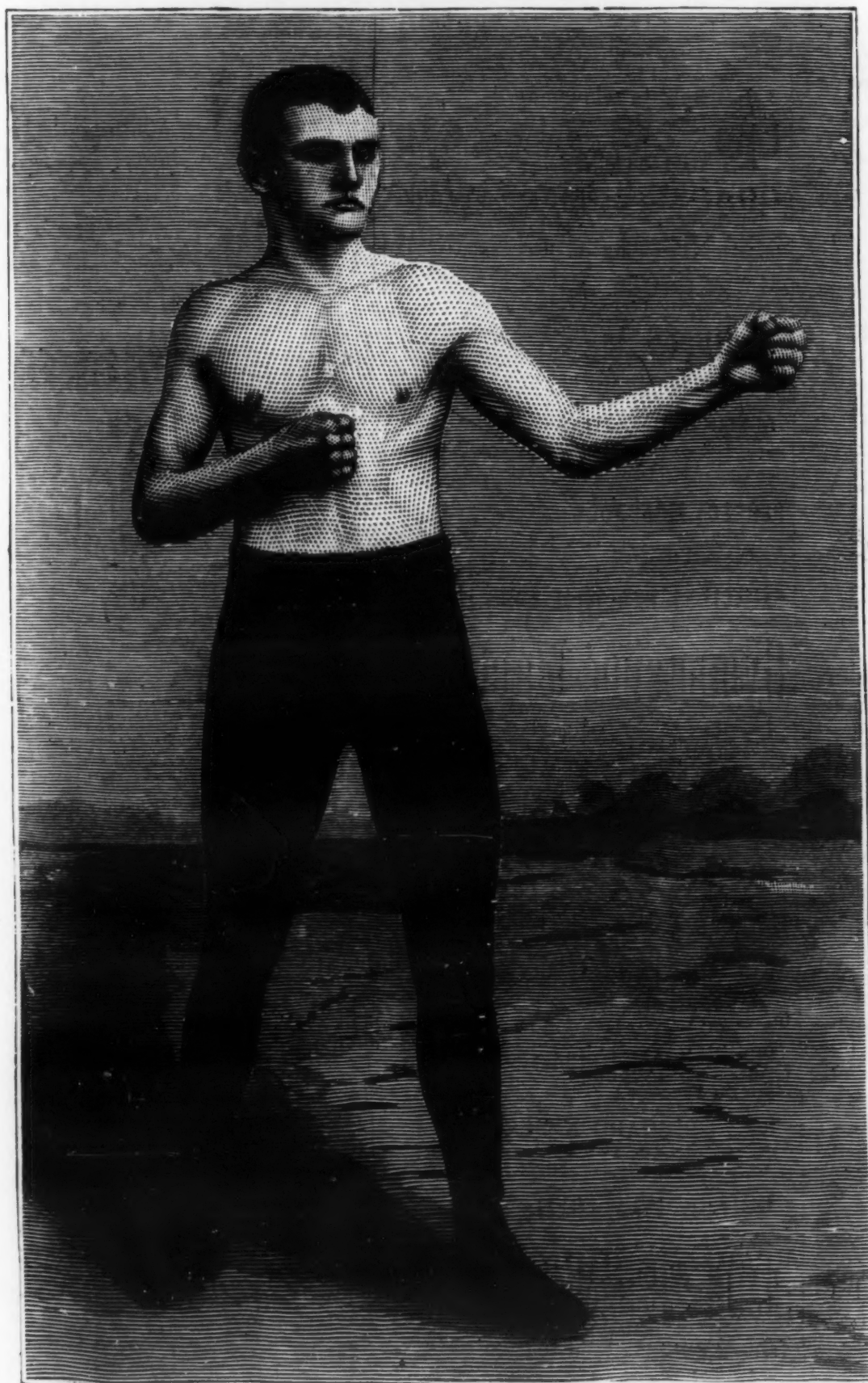
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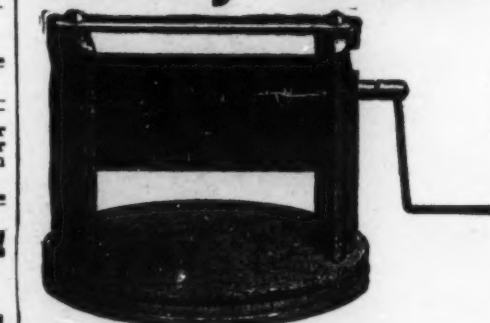
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